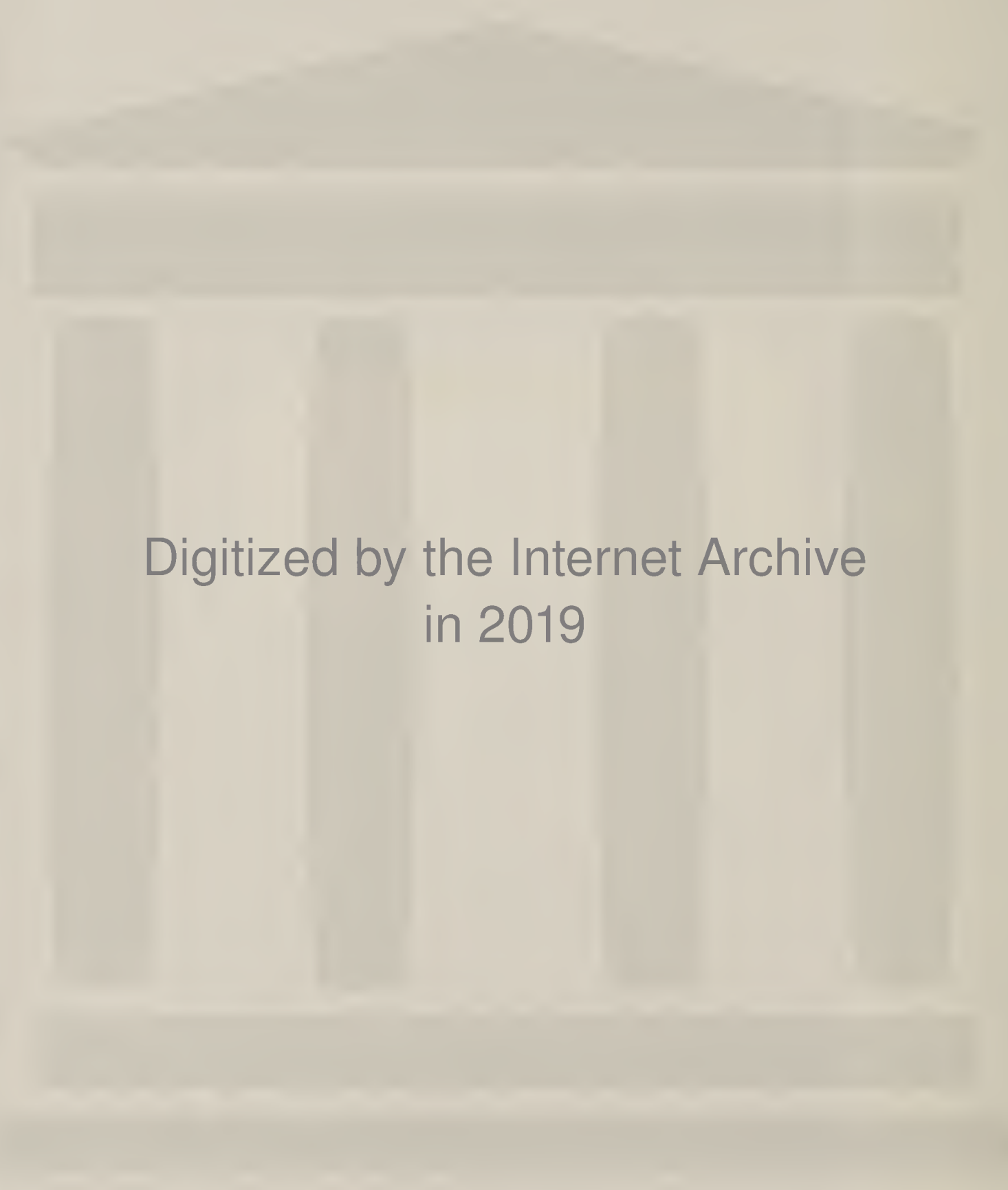




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E · A · Biography ·
of · the
Wickes Family
by
W · Squire · J · Wickes

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THE OLD HOME-STEAD BUILT BY
GRANDFATHER JOSEPH VICKERS-1838
[PAINTED BY S.J.V.]

A **B**iography
of the
Vicker family
by
Squire J. Vickers



This shall be written for the
generation to come. psalms 102-18

PREFACE

This record of the Vickers family I have written at the request of Ruth. In my generation all of my cousins, save Ray and all of my brothers save Wheeler, have passed to the Great Beyond. I do not expect that the present generation will find this "begat" hilarious reading, indeed, I shall be flattered if it is read at all. However, some redheaded young Vickers a few generations hence may sit up and wonder from whence he sprang. Then one of his elders will say, "Why there was a rather dull biography published I think in the last Roosevelt administration which will give you a hint regarding your forebears."

I remember some anecdotes about the two former generations which may interest that young fellow or girl, the which, if not set down in writing, will be lost as the history before grandfather's time is shrouded in mystery.

I wish to thank all of the family who have furnished data, especially Wheeler, Elizabeth Parkin, Vernetta Harding and Ruth who assisted me in editing and assembling this material.

S.J.V.

OTSEGO COUNTY

From historic Cherry Valley there runs southwest down the creek a road which is punctuated, four miles down, by the little village of Roseboom. Two miles to the north on the hill and midway between Roseboom and Middlefield Center (which is on the Cherry Valley-Cooperstown turnpike), lies our old farm in the town of Middlefield, and on it still stands the old house in which all of us children were born.

EMIGRATION

Grandfather Joseph Vickers, his wife Elizabeth, and their four small children came hither from Derbyshire, England in the fall of 1828. The voyage was but one of the hardships which our poor grandmother was destined to endure. Six weeks it took to cross the stormy Atlantic. She was sick the entire voyage - six weeks in the smelly hold of a small pitching boat with Thomas a babe in arms, and little Mary just big enough to walk.

Why did they come to this rugged, rocky town of Middlefield? Well, the Burton family, former neighbors in Derbyshire, had settled there a couple of miles north of the old farm some years before. This family was perhaps the only tie Grandfather had to this new untamed country.

MARSTON-MONTGOMERY

Of the family's life in England little is known. I have, however, heard Father say that his mother, Elizabeth Jackson, when a young woman taught school in London eleven years; six days a week, the year around, with Christmas and Easter for holidays.

It appears that her father married twice. There were two sons by the first wife. Robert, who went to the universities, was a gifted scholar and became chaplain to the throne of William the Fourth. Grandmother occasionally received a letter from him. Finally the letters ceased. She heard from him no more.

The second son was shot; we know not how. Grandmother was the only child by the second marriage.

August 1932 Professor George Young of Cornell and I went to England. We went one day north from Wells to Burton where we stayed the night. Next morning we proceeded on north to the little hamlet of Roster, walking thence east two miles to Marston-Montgomery, Grandfather's former home.

A road ran north from the main thoroughfare and on the northeasterly corner formed by these two roads, on a rising ground, stood an ancient stone church. It was surrounded by mouldering gravestones and shaded by yews. Doctor Harry went overseas as a captain in World War I. He visited this place and found a record of the christening of Grandmother in the church.

The ancient sexton told me the old part of the church had been built before 1100. Sixty years before it had been somewhat enlarged and refurbished. Said I to the old man, "Are there any Vickers buried here?" "Aw now," said he, "you've asked me an 'ard question." I went outside and in a few minutes found two ancient leaning stones with inscriptions:

SACRED
to the Memory of
JOSEPH VICKERS
who died 11th of Jan. 1830
in the 84th Year of his age

Oh man be mindful of thy later end,
So live that dying Christ may be thy friend,
Grow forth in Gospel, Grace as well as years,
Then welcome Death whenever it appear.

MARSTON-MONTGOMERY

SACRED
to the Memory of
ANN
Relict of Joseph Vickers
who departed this life
Feby. 13th 1846 aged 95
Years.

Industry crown'd her days and peace her mind,
Her manners gentle, affable and kind,
A quiet neighbour, in her dealings just
True to her friend and faithful to her trust.

In the first verse there is a note of admonition. I suspect that it was written by a clergyman and that this venerable forebear was not an ardent churchman. His son, my grandfather, stayed outside the fold but Grandmother was a devout Christian. It was probably her influence which brought all of the children into the church.

I had never heard my great-grandparents mentioned. I borrowed tools, cut the grass on the plot, straightened the stones and took photographs and rubbings of them. When we walked back that evening to catch the bus, I thought it had been a good day.

Elizabeth Parkin inherited from her grandfather an old medical book printed in London, 1764 with this inscription, "Joseph Vickers, his book, June 21, 1776- Living at Cloud in the Liberty of Westonunderwood, England." Nothing more is known of this. I always understood that Grandfather came from Marston-Montgomery, Derbyshire.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

There was a log house on the farm in which Father and probably Edwin, George, and Elizabeth Ann were born. This house stood down the hill some distance from the road near a spring. Here we used to find bits of broken china where the field was plowed - precious china brought from Derbyshire. When father was a babe, grandfather built the new house up the bank to the east near the road.

The house was constructed of hand-hewn timbers, mortised and tenoned, pegged and braced, with studs to which lath and plaster were applied within, and clapboards without. Logs hewn on one side were laid on the cellar wall to support the floor of wide pine boards which were in good condition 100 years later.

It was said that this was the first frame house built in the neighborhood. For this progressive step in the art of building we must give our tough-fibered old conservative ancestor a generous hand.

Two years after the birth of Father, twin girls were born who lived but a few days. Ten children there were in all; only half of which were destined to reach middle life or old age. I have hinted above of impending hardship.

TRAGEDY AND DEATH

The family was fated to suffer tragedy and death along with the hardships of pioneer life. George died at the age of fifteen, Joseph at twenty-two and Mary at thirty-two. The latter two came to tragic, unnatural ends.

Joseph, it appeared, was a high-spirited, popular young fellow who liked to wear good clothes. He fell out with his strict uncompromising sire, left home, and managed to become a dentist, settling in Canajoharie. Along with his other fine qualities, he must have had unusual mechanical ability for it was said that he forged his own set of dental instruments.

TRAGEDY AND DEATH

One day word came to the family that Joseph had been drowned. The story was that he, with an older dentist who practiced in Canajoharie, went up the creek to swim. Some time later this man returned stating that Joseph had drowned. It seemed improbable that Joseph who was a good swimmer could drown in a small creek unless foul means were employed. The theory held by the community was that the older man, prompted by professional jealousy, persuaded Joseph to go swimming with him and choosing an opportune advantage, succeeded in holding him under until he was drowned, then returned to the village with the most probable story he could concoct. This was a sad ending of a young man so full of life and promise - perhaps the flower of the entire family.

Mary, a fine good looking young woman, fell under the influence of a man named Genter whose ways were consistently downward and like Desdemona and many another promising girl, forsook the shelter of her home and married him against parental advice.

The activities of this scoundrel, it is alleged, extended from chicken stealing to darker deeds, with preaching as a foil. However, the religious cloak did not adequately cover his misdeeds. At one of his divine services it was said that certain unregenerate men spirited chickens into the sacred edifice. Then when the flight of exhortation reached the crest, the congregation was both startled and convulsed by shrill squawking down by the stove at the right of the center aisle. This was followed by a squawk from the opposite corner of the room. Then came the throaty voice of an ancient rooster from the gallery. The preacher made a hasty retreat through the nearest exit. That ecclesiastical effort must be set down as a total loss for no sinner was brought to the altar of repentance.

Again evil tidings came to the Vickers' family. Mary was dead. It was known that she was ill but not dangerously. Women who laid her out, it was said, observed unmistakable marks on her throat. Iago and Othello (at his worst) rolled into one could not have done worse.

Mary had given birth to two sons, Marvin and Perry. Marvin died while a young boy. Perry grew to manhood, married and ran a cooper shop in Cherry Valley for many years. He must have leaned to his mother's side for he had a good reputation. He was active in the Methodist church, sang in the choir and was an ardent prohibitionist. Perry liked to play the organ and sing. One Christmas the clan gathered at our house. Perry arrived and made for the organ. After the bounteous dinner Mother served, Perry went back to the organ. Later when all of us men and boys went to the barn to shoot the rifle, someone asked, "Where's Genter?" "He's playing the organ," said Uncle Ed.

When big factories began making barrels and butter tubs, Perry moved to Schenectady where he worked as a carpenter for a number of years, and that is where he died.

Perry and his wife had three boys, Myron, Herbert and Floyd. Herbert died when a young man, Myron became a Methodist minister. I saw him in 1939 in Roseboom when we held a commitment service for Doctor Fred. He told me that he had been a District Superintendent. He was a big, prosperous looking man. Floyd when last heard of was living in Schenectady.

The elder Genter I saw but once. I chanced to be home on vacation when Father lived at Roseboom. An old man came to the door announcing himself as Genter. That was as far as he got, for Father, chewing the bitter cud of resentment of many years over the death of his sister, spat out a part of it on the unregenerate old sinner who went into a wrath like Naaman when Elisha said, "Go wash in the Jordan seven times."

That night I did not sleep, believing that he was capable of committing arson, or any other crime. I loaded the old shotgun and kept an ear open all night. Had I caught him that night in such an act I would have squared the ancient account. He went to Uncle Ed's house and there got an equally cold shoulder. That was the last time I heard of that diabolical old man. I am sure that the death which overtook him was better than he deserved.

Twin girls, Fanny and Lucy, lived but a few days. They were the last to be born in this family.

UNCLE JOHN'S FAMILY

THE OTHER FIVE

Five, or half the children, were destined to reach middle life and raise families.

UNCLE JOHN (SEPT. 16, 1820 - APRIL 13, 1890)

John was a lad of eight when the family reached this country. He was a steady boy, and doubtless the main stay of the farm so long as he remained at home. Father once told me of a trip John and his mother took to Albany in dead of winter. It was customary for people to take their produce to that distant city. They stopped at inns at night but supplied their own provisions. This occasion was fraught with great hardship. The snow was deep, they tipped over, spilling out all of their produce. No doubt they suffered extremely from cold and fatigue. This is but an instance of the hardships endured by our Grandmother.

Last year I painted her portrait from an old photograph. About that time I saw at the Metropolitan Museum a famous portrait by Rembrandt of a woman with a beautiful lace collar. Meditating on her hard life, I said, "I will give Grandmother a lace collar for a Christmas present." I proceeded to add the collar to her portrait to the best of my ability.

John married Cerena Moshal Brumagim (later changed to Birmingham) February 1851. Cerena was the daughter of David and Elizabeth Moshal Brumagim. They lived on a farm in the town of Root on the upland south of the Mohawk. She had four brothers, Mark, Jacob, John and Daniel and a sister Anna with a deformed back.

The three brothers, Mark, Jacob and Daniel, became Forty-niners. They took a castiron bank made in sections around the Horn with them. When they arrived in California, they put the sections together and Mark and Jacob proceeded to do a banking business.

Mark and Jacob acquired a mine which they abandoned for a while because it filled with water. Some other men came along and jumped the claim. There was litigation which ran for years. Father used to be much amused when he occasionally saw Jacob (we called him Uncle Jake). He would inquire about the prospects of the law suit and Uncle Jake would always reply, "Very, very, ver-y promising." The promises, unlike the Scripture, were not sure. When an old man, he came to our house one summer with Aunt Cerena, Lottie and her baby. They all stayed on until September and picked hops. He was old and poor. His son-in-law, a wealthy farmer in the Genesee Valley, would not help him. We felt very sorry for this gentle old man.

Daniel was a clergyman. He held charges in the west and New York. I do not think that he was connected with his brothers in the mining project.

Mark, in his heyday owned a big house on Staten Island. There he suddenly lost his two beautiful young daughters, and later his wife. He had closed the house and shipped many huge boxes and trunks to Canajoharie where they were stored in Mrs. White's coachhouse. Mrs. White was a scion of the parsimonious Roseboom family for whom I worked one college vacation. Came handsome whitebearded Uncle Mark one day to examine his goods. It fell to me to open all the containers, take out the contents, and after he had inspected them, replace and nail up the boxes. Finally after several perspiring days of hard work, when all the boxes were back in place and the old gentleman was about to depart, he said in his even deliberate way, "Now you keep yourself straight and keep out of scrapes and - and I - I predict for you success."

I always felt that this left-handed blessing by which the benign old gentleman discharged his obligation must have miscarried somewhere along the line. I should have been vastly more successful than I am had he been a true seer or foreteller of events. I was Esau and some slick Jacob must have got the blessing.

Daniel and Mark were laid at rest at Kensico, and Jacob in the Brumagim lot in the cemetery in Canajoharie, beside his father (1872) and his mother (1887).

UNCLE JOHN'S FAMILY

Uncle John purchased the Brumagim 180 acre farm in 1851 for the sum of \$3751.00. Here he lived until the spring of 1863 when he purchased a house in Canajoharie.

CANAJOHARIE

In this tranquil town with melodious Indian name, Uncle John opened a feed and grocery store. The firm name was Vickers and Zeeley. The store was a stone building backing up on the canal. The Beechnut Plant has the property now. When the canal was filled and the store razed, the stone was used in building the beautiful little library and art gallery to the west across the street.

When Doctor Fred and I were small boys, Father used to take maple syrup to Canajoharie every spring. We were permitted to go with him alternately. Uncle John's well furnished house with a battery of bay windows running up through the second story looked palatial to us compared with our little simple unpainted old farmhouse. Doubtless we made a bad appearance when we visited him. I was left-handed or ambidextrous. I remember Anna instructing me to use the fork with my right hand.

Here in this fine house, with its coach house and well kept lawn and garden, lived Uncle John with his large family. His wife Cerena, his son Jay W. (who married young and brought his wife here to live), his two daughters, Elizabeth Jane, Charlotte Jeanette, Grandmother Brumagim, Anna Brumagim and servants - - a small harem with but few of the delights of that oriental institution.

His wife Cerena was well named. Serene, unhurried, she moved in the even tenor of her way. She was short, plump and always well dressed. She possessed the manner of her family of quiet, deliberate speech.

She believed in the efficacy of castor oil as a Mohammedan believes that Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet.

She came to our house one time and decided she was ill. Said she to mother, "Delia, I don't feel very well - I'm going to bed and I want you to fix me some castor oil. Put in a little sugar, a little honey, a little maple syrup and a little - ah - raspberry juice." She was never angry but I imagine that her deliberations at times made others mad as a hatter.

Uncle John was a well set up, stocky, broad-shouldered man of middle height. He perhaps resembled Uncle Ed more than his other brothers. He wore a beard with a tinge of red, his upper lip was shaven. In appearance he might have passed for a Methodist minister. He also looked the part of a solid honest man of business, which he was.

UNCLE JOHN GOES WEST

Although Uncle John was a prominent and much respected citizen with a good business, and lived in a fine house, he was unhappy. His first born, like the prodigal son, had left the narrow path of sober, honest upright living trod by his family, for the more lurid trail with many bypaths. Uncle John vainly thought that if this perverse sheep of a darker hue could be turned loose in distant pasture he might be brought back into the fold. In the fall of 1883, after living 20 years in the comparative luxury of his fine home, he sold it (for \$5500) packed his belongings and started west.

My father held this elder brother in high respect. Although he sometimes criticized other members of the family (and I got more of it than I thought necessary), I never heard him pass unfavorable judgment on Uncle John save in this instance. He thought it was bad judgment for a man of 63 to leave his comfortable home and go 1000 miles to endure the hardships of the farm. Furthermore he had no faith in the redemption of Jay and he expressed himself eloquently on the subject.

UNCLE JOHN'S FAMILY

Father had first-hand information about Jay's character for he had spent a summer in hiding from the law at Uncle Ed's house and at ours. I remember the day Uncle John came for him. "Why aren't you out in the field?" he asked. Jay critized the carriage which his father had hired from a livery. This, we thought, was scarcely an indication of deep humiliation.

In the spring of 1884, Uncle John purchased 320 acres of land 4 miles from Hersher, in the county of Kankakee, Illinois, about 70 miles south of Chicago. There he proceeded to build a new house, something of a replica of his late home in Canajoharie, and here he lived for the next 6 years. On April 13, 1890 he fell dead. His death was probably due to a heart strain from overwork and exhaustion. He lacked 5 months of the Biblical age of three score and ten.

His body was sent to Canajoharie and placed in the Brumagim lot. Some years later when Doctor Fred was practicing medicine in Canajoharie he noticed that Uncle John's grave did not have a marker. Thinking it a disgrace that the grave of so good a man who had provided well for his family should be so neglected, he purchased a stone, had it inscribed and set at his grave - a generous gesture on the part of the Doctor towards an honorable member of the clan.

Looking back on Uncle John's life, one is led to believe that it was not an altogether joyous one. The waywardness of his son caused him constant anxiety and probably considerable money. His house was filled with easygoing, ailing, amiable women who often failed to get his meals on time. Then those last years when he should have lived a retired life, were spent in toil on a big farm. For many years he was the sole breadwinner of his large family - this family who failed to erect a stone over his grave. "Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues which needs must fall on this ingratitude." It would seem that such an upright, kind and considerate man deserved a better fate. I think his life belies the ancient adage, "Virtue is its own reward."

Jay W. was born December 6, 1853. He grew up to be a handsome, proud, well-dressed young man. He worked in his father's store for a time. His salary as a clerk, however, was not commensurate with his champagne tastes. At one time he went to Schemectady and started a carriage-making business. He must have worked at cutlery manufacture for a time for he claimed this to be his trade.

December 16, 1873 Jay married Mary A. Owens. They lived with the family in the big house. Two sons were born, Jay R. (1876) and Maurice (1880).

He followed the family west but in one respect he was unlike Cain for he was not "a tiller of the soil." He worked as a carpenter or got a white collar job. Between jobs he came home but he shunned hard labor on the farm. After his father's death he lived for a number of years with his sister Lottie.

His father's sacrifice was love's labor lost for Jay remained consistent to the end. The only break in the continuity of his career was the following: It is said that when a young man he joined the Methodist church. It must have been an unusual surge of religious fervor which swept him up to the mercy seat.

It appeared however that Jay possessed certain talents. His niece Elizabeth tells me that he made charcoal drawings, that he worked intermittently with drawing board and T-square making drawings of mechanical gadgets he hoped to have patented. He was well liked by the young people of the community perhaps because he played the violin by ear for country dances. He was generous and when he had money he bought presents for his young nieces, his little granddaughter and his friends. Generosity, like charity I think, covers a multitude of sins. He died June 3, 1911, aged 57 years, six months.

When Jay's children were small he drifted away from his wife Mary, leaving her with the burden of bringing up and educating the two boys. She returned to Utica but remained on good terms with the family visiting the various members from time to time so long as she lived. The family liked her and gave her credit for her courage and ability in bringing up her two sons.

UNCLE JOHN'S FAMILY

Their son Jay Robert was born in October 8, 1876. In 1903 he graduated from Columbia University. January 2, 1902, he married Sarah Elizabeth Lessinger (February 21, 1878) and in 1911 he opened a pharmacy in Utica which he conducted until his retirement a few years ago. He died December 13, 1944. (It is a coincidence that when word came of his death I was working on his grandfather's portrait).

There were two daughters, Viola Marylouise and Mildred Hazel. Viola (May 9, 1903) graduated from high school in 1922, Utica School of Commerce 1923, Excelsior School of Business 1934. She is now employed as a confidential secretary.

Mildred (April 29, 1905) graduated from Utica Free Academy 1923, Albany College of Pharmacy 1926 with Ph.G. degree. She married Burdette G. Dewell, Jr. June 9, 1927. Burdette was born at Windham, New York January 5, 1903. He graduated from high school in 1921, Albany College of Pharmacy 1924 with Ph.C. degree, Albany State Teacher's College with AB and AM degrees, taught chemistry for 11 years at Albany College of Pharmacy. He is now instructor of science in the Windham Central School. Burdette is an enterprising man for with his scholastic work he operates a dairy farm. Although it is near to the village it is called "Faraway." They have four children:

Jay Vickers born September 24, 1928
Burdette G., 3rd born January 24, 1931
Elizabeth Louise born October 21, 1939
Robert Maurice born March 11, 1941

Maurice F. Vickers was born October 13, 1880 at Canajoharie. December 26, 1938 he married Grace Mary Klein (January 9, 1894). Their home is in Utica where Maurice for many years has been connected with a news distributing business.

Uncle John's daughters Elizabeth Jane (Lizzie) and Charlotte Jeanette (Lottie) were amiable, sweet-tempered young ladies. They both played the piano and were skillful in dressmaking, and Lottie dallied in the fine art of painting. They had plenty of leisure, for their mother, who had servants, did not encourage them to do housework.

Lizzie (May 31, 1848) married Richard Brown Stafford March 18, 1880. Richard was a telegraph operator in town. He was 12 years her senior and like Zachias, who climbed the sycamore tree to see the passing Christ, was small of stature. His lack of size, his facial expression and peculiar manner caused him to be looked upon with tolerant amusement. He wore a long frock coat and high silk hat. One morning after a deep snow, Richard was making his way down street when a gust of wind lifted his high hat. An immense Newfoundland dog capering about rejoicing in the clean deep snow, seized upon the hat and ran around in circles, while "Dickie" stood on the curb shaking his hands and calling frantically, "Doggie, doggie, good doggie, doggie," much to the amusement of the citizenry.

Richard was head over heels in love with his wife. Once when Father and I were there (on one of the spring trips), Lizzie was ill in bed. We went up to see her (they too lived in the big house). Dickie, sitting near her, told us over and over how he loved her, and made many more gestures of endearment than good taste allows in public, so it seemed to me even as a small boy.

Richard, however, accumulated more money than some of his more stalwart neighbors. I seem to remember that he sold a building in town for \$11,000. He followed Uncle John west, settling down in Kankakee. For a while he ran a general store at Fort Madison, Iowa. Then he moved back to Kankakee where they both finally died, and where they are buried. Richard died March 11, 1908 at the age of 71; Elizabeth, July 8, 1918 at the age of 70.

Elizabeth and Richard had six children:

Laura Victoria born in Canajoharie, September 14, 1882.
Linda Cerena born in Canajoharie, August 8, 1884, who
died at the age of two.
Queen Elizabeth born May 22, 1888.
Ethel Eliza born April 27, 1890.
Twins, Richard John and Harvey Emerson, born March 26, 1892.

UNCLE JOHN'S FAMILY

Laura married William E. Castle of Kankakee on June 6, 1906. Their daughter Celia married William Churchill. Celia and her mother still live at Kankakee.

Queen Elizabeth married Cushman Lawrence Ivy April 30, 1906. Two daughters were born:

Minnie Queen, March 1908. She married Edgar W. Lewis.
They now live at Prescott, Arizona.
Irene, now Mrs. Irene Hudson, also lives in Arizona.

Queen Elizabeth died April 29, 1917 and was buried at Kankakee.

Ethel Eliza married Henry Polenske August 8, 1924. Ethel died June 9, 1921. There were two daughters:

Vivian Ethel, who is a nurse in Chicago.
Minnie Irene, who also lives in Chicago.

Richard John married Catherine Marie Nomandy November 26, 1932.

Harvey Emerson married Carolina Fredia Strehler, November 11, 1922. Both families now live at Kankakee.

Let us here pause to page an anthropologist. How could such a diminutive sire produce such a large family including a set of twins?

Richard, with all his eccentricities, was a good man, honest, kind, gentle and devoted to his family.

Lottie (August 24, 1860) went to Illinois with the family and there married (November 19, 1890) James William Brown whose family came from Scotland to Canada, thence to Illinois. James had an 80 acre farm near Hersher where they lived four years. Here two daughters, Florence Jeanette (December 3, 1891) and Elizabeth Cerena (January 9, 1894) were born. Lottie's father had died the year of her marriage. He left 80 acres with the home to his wife and 80 acres to each of the three children. James also worked the 80 acres which his wife inherited.

In 1894, Lottie sold 40 acres of her land and purchased two houses in Hersher. The family then moved into one of the houses where they lived until 1907. Then they purchased a 160 acre farm, 4 1/2 miles southwest from Momence. On this farm James, who was a good farmer, raised large fields of grain. He also raised thoroughbred Shropshire sheep, Durham beef cattle and Percheron horses, while Lottie raised blooded white Holland turkeys, and Plymouth rock chickens. She won prizes at the county fair and sold her birds to other breeders.

Jay, who made his home with Lottie part of the time, built an addition to the house. Here he died June 3, 1911. His two sons, Jay and Maurice of Utica, came to his funeral.

In the fall of 1911, James and Lottie came east to visit relatives in Utica. This was James' first trip east. He was much impressed with farm land in New York state. Since his wife wished to come east to live, he sold his farm (for \$12,000) and purchased an 80 acre farm near East Lansing, New York, 12 miles northwest of Ithaca. Here James kept blooded horses and cows until his death, September 14, 1916 at the age of 57. Here Lottie also passed November 23, 1918 at the age of 58.

Their daughter, Florence, was born in Milks Grove, Ill. in 1891, and two years later Elizabeth was born in Hersher. They were educated in the public schools. They became members of the Methodist Church and were active in the church, school and in the other societies of the community. They came to East Lansing with their parents in 1912. Here the girls entered into the activities of the community as they had done in the west.

Florence married Harry T. Rollins. Soon after this event she purchased Elizabeth's share in the farm. She still owns the farm with its beautiful colonial house. Unfortunately Harry was injured in World War I. He is a disabled veteran. They have a son, James J.

UNCLE JOHN'S FAMILY

Elizabeth married George J. Parkin May 14, 1918. George lived on an adjoining farm and kept a dairy, shipping his milk to Cornell University. Here they lived for seven years and here were born their daughter, Eleanor Elizabeth, (June 26, 1919) and a second girl, Frances Jeanette, (February 7, 1922) who died in infancy.

In 1927 they purchased a home in Ithaca. Here Elizabeth became an active worker in the First Methodist Church and various branches of activity. She has been active in several of the Women's Clubs; chairman of Soldiers and Sailors work; Secretary of Republican Ithaca committee for 1945; delegate and member of the City Federation of Women's Organizations; volunteer worker for defense organizations for hospitals and bond drives. Elizabeth possesses a natural talent for music. She and her sister both learned to play the piano. When a young girl she was organist in the Sunday school. No doubt this accomplishment made the girls popular in the communities in which they lived.

Eleanor Elizabeth was a little girl when the family moved to Ithaca. She, too, evidently had a talent for music for she played the violin in orchestras in junior and senior high school. She was a member of the art club and took part in the school's chorus and dramatics. She graduated from high school in 1937 and she has taken certain business courses to help her in her work. She at present is secretary for a fur company in Ithaca. She has traveled extensively in the eastern states and in Canada.

UNCLE TOM'S FAMILY

UNCLE TOM (JUNE 5, 1828 - FEBRUARY 3, 1892)

Thomas first saw the light in merry England, June 5, 1828. He was a babe of three months when the family landed on this shore. But little of his early life is known. It is probable that he assisted his father on the farm as did his brothers until he became of age.

He married Mary Ann Hubbell who lived in Hubbell Hollow a couple of miles to the southwest, down the valley from the old farm. They settled on the farm adjoining the homestead to the south. There were born to this young couple Laura, Dora, Mary E. and a babe which died at birth. Mary Ann died at the age of 40, and Thomas, after an interval of time, married her sister, Jane. To this union were born Charles and Ray.

Thomas was a little man who scarcely came to the shoulders of his brothers; he was slight but wiry and supple. It was said that he could bend over back and touch his head on the ground. His lack of size, however, did not prevent him from getting ahead. He was a hard worker, and by good management and frugality he succeeded in making his way.

He also possessed foresight. The village of Worcester was a small town lying in a valley in the southern part of the county about 15 miles south of the homestead. Hearing that the D. & H. railroad would be constructed up the valley, he moved to Worcester and purchased some land through which the railroad must pass. The railroad was built near the close of the Civil War, after which Thomas cut his land north of the railroad into lots, built a few houses and sold the remaining lots, making a good profit. On one of the lots not far from the tracks, he built himself a house. Here the boys were born, and in this house he spent the rest of his life.

In his early days in this town, he became a produce merchant. He shipped the first load of potatoes over the D. & H. He also bought cattle, which venture took him as far afield as Canada. This enterprise must have been profitable for in his later years he was rated as a rich man. After a number of years, he gave up this business. So long as I can remember, he lived a retired life.

Uncle Tom was perhaps a farmer at heart for he retained the land south of the railroad for pasture. He also kept a cow and a horse and had a fine garden.

Uncle Tom had the Vickers' sandy complexion, a reddish beard and stiff light hair. He was the only one of the family who had the English hangover - trouble with the letter 'h'. His family used to say that he called Hannah "Anna" and Anna "Hanna". He faltered a little in talking and often could not remember one's name. We used to drive over to Worcester occasionally; he was always agreeable and seemed pleased to see us.

His favorite byword was "Ivan". He went with Father and Cassius Blair to the 1876 Centennial at Philadelphia. Father used to tell an amusing story. It appeared that Uncle Tom had injured his foot which resulted in a temporary lameness. The three men in Philadelphia boarded a trolley bound for the fair grounds. Enroute the conductor collected a second fare for transfer, or whatever. Uncle Tom thought he was being cheated. Said he after an altercation, "Ivan - I won't pay it." "Then get off," replied the conductor, which he did, and Father, in great humor, used to describe the efforts of the limping Thomas trying to keep up with the car lest he lose his companions.

One night in the house where the three men were staying, he all but had a fatal accident. He blew out the gas as he had blown out the candle at home. Later finding himself suffocating, he made his way to the window where his companions found him gasping for breath. It was a close call.

Uncle Tom was a man of integrity. The only criticism that I have ever heard was that perhaps he was over-prudent and over-frugal (in this exercise of economy some thought he was influenced by his wife Jane). He was honest, upright, religious. A stained glass window was placed in the First Methodist Church in Worcester in honor of his memory.

UNCLE TOM'S FAMILY

It was with sorrow that we learned that he had been stricken with a fatal malady - a malignant internal growth. He passed in 1892 at the age of 64.

Laura (April 23, 1859) was Uncle Tom's first born. She was a fine tall girl with the Vickers' red or auburn hair, and a talent for drawing and painting. As I write this, word comes to me of her death. She passed February 22, 1944 (Washington's birthday) lacking but two months of 85. A few months before, she sent me a letter giving definite and precise family information which indicated that she was still in full possession of her fine mind.

She married Lyman J. Barnes (September 17, 1879) who settled in Worcester and practiced law for 50 years. There were probably few men in the community for whom he had not drawn a will, searched a title or done some sort of legal work. He was possessed of a sense of humor and told a story well. He died in 1927.

There were born to this couple three children:

Ernest W. (October 16, 1880) who lived but two years.
Georgia May (June 18, 1885) who married Carroll B. Lehman
December 16, 1914. Their son, Carroll Barnes
Lehman (August 7, 1916) is now abroad, Lt.U.S.A.
Anti-Aircraft Unit.
Merrick (June 20, 1891) took the agricultural course at
Cornell, graduating in 1914. After graduation he
taught for a short time. He then became connected
with the agricultural department of the state of
Vermont. He is a veteran of World War I and is now
a Major in the Quartermasters Department at Camp
Upton. He resembles his mother and grandfather.
He married Julia Lewis in 1914. Their home is in
Vermont.

Uncle Tom's second child Dora (April 23, 1862) died at the age of three.

Mary E. (June 11, 1865) was the third daughter. I, as a small boy, remember her as a fine looking girl, with dark hair and the Vickers' white complexion. She too had artistic talent.

At Clarksville lived the prosperous and popular Stiles family. There were three sons, Jim, Chet and Let, and I believe several daughters. In the bloom of young womanhood Mary became engaged to Jim. However, the consummation of a full life was not to be. Soon after their engagement, she was stricken with a dread disease and passed (July 17, 1885) at the age of 20, an event which filled the hearts of all her friends and relatives with profound sorrow.

To Thomas and Jane were born Charles and Ray Ward. Charles (October 16, 1875) was a bright boy with red hair who did well in school and bid fair to become a scholar. The career of this promising boy was suddenly cut short. He was caught in an epidemic of diphtheria and taken off, with many of the other children in the village, at the age of 12. Ray was also very sick but survived.

Ray (September 1, 1877), a likeable and smiling lad, did not crave scholastic attainments nor did he possess his father's serious nature. He liked the world and the fullness thereof. However, he tried his hand at a number of things after leaving school. He went to Buffalo to study the art of printing. This knowledge has, at various times, enabled him to help out the local printer in emergencies.

Later he went to Waltham, Massachusetts to learn watchmaking and still later studied watchmaking, engraving and optometry in Philadelphia.

After finishing his studies he went to Norwich, New York and worked in a jewelry shop. Here he met Louise Stratton who became his wife (September 7, 1904). Since his marriage, he has lived a retired life. In his home, however, he sometimes repairs watches and does engraving. It is therefore, evident that he has the Vickers' trait of using his hands. After Ray's marriage, he lived in the house his father built. In 1922 he built a new house on Main Street where he has since lived. After his mother's death (December 21, 1927) he and his wife traveled extensively.

They went to Mexico, to South America, and before the war spent their winters in Florida.

Ray is a good fisherman and from the first, he has been interested in automobiles. In 1907 he purchased a Ford - the second one in Otsego County. He was secretary of the Worcester Automobile Association and was active in placing the first mileage signs in the vicinity. He is a Mason and has been a director of the bank of Worcester and is something of a clairvoyant.

The following story is told of him: When a young fellow, he had his fortune told in Binghamton. As he was waiting his turn, he noticed some family photographs on the table and it suddenly came to him that he knew the family, people living in Schenevus. After his fortune was told he said, "You know, I too can tell fortunes." He looked at her palm and said, "I can see there Charlie and John and Homer and Lynn and Rose and Ellen and Ann." "Who the hell are you?" He told her and after that they talked of the past rather than of the future.

To Ray and Louise were born two daughters:

Vernette Stratton (December 22, 1905)
Charlotte Jane (March 4, 1911)

Vernette graduated from Sargent School, Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1926. She worked at the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota for a year as a physiotherapist. After a graduate summer school course in Physiotherapy at Harvard Medical School she worked at Mt. Sinai Hospital in Cleveland for two years. In the fall of 1929, she worked in the Boston University School of Education and took her degree the following August. Since the fall of 1930 she has been associated with Harvard University. The first two years she did graduate work in the Harvard School of Education and did statistical work there for one of the professors. Since 1931, she has been on the staff of a growth study group being conducted at the Harvard Public School of Health. Her work here includes the giving of highly technical tests. Her principal interest, however, is determining the bone age of children by means of x-rays. She has been co-author of a number of articles published in medical journals. For seven years she has lectured on child growth and development at Sargent College, Boston University. She is a member of the Society for Research in Child Growth and Development, and associate member of the American Physiotherapy Association.

August 7, 1942, she married Harry Harding. He is an Account Executive at Young and Rubicam, New York. In this position, Harry is often called upon to address large audiences. He is a good speaker. It is indeed said of him that he rivals the elder Pitt, friend of the colonists. He holds a commission as First Lieutenant in the Civil Air Patrol, Manhattan.

Vernette has a fair skin and auburn hair. She has her Father's good nature, her Grandfather's industry and is possessed of a scholarly mind.

Charlotte married Aubrey Fraiser, January 19, 1929 (and divorced him in 1932).

She attended the school for attendant nurses in Boston (1937-1939) after which she did private nursing for 3 years. In 1942 she went on the staff of the Reformatory for Women at Farmington, Massachusetts where she is now supervisor of pediatrics.

Charlotte has a son, Raymond Frederick, (February 7, 1930) who is attending Oakland School at Poughkeepsie. Raymond shares his Grandfather's enthusiasm for fishing. At the age of eleven, he landed a 24" brown trout - the largest ever captured in the vicinity of Worcester.

UNCLE ED'S FAMILY

UNCLE ED (APRIL 6, 1831 - APRIL 28, 1911)

The God of Fertility must have decided that he had not been very liberal in the creation of little Thomas, for three years after that event came a lusty, round, rubicund boy - the first to be born on this side of the Atlantic. This rotund child, which the family christened Edwin, grew to be the antithesis of his slighter brother. He was never obliged to wear his brother's outgrown clothes for soon he was the bigger boy. He grew to be a vast, carefree, good-natured man with open hand and hearty laugh. He was about six feet tall and great of girth, with strong muscular arms and huge fists. He weighed more than twice as much as Tom. Although he must have had the "strength of ten" he never bragged about it nor went to the trouble of displaying it.

This story was told of him when he was a big lad still going to school. Grandmother, whose industry must have been something to admire, used to make each of the boys a homespun suit each year. Such a suit had just been turned out for Ed, who promptly donned it and started off for school. During the noon hour, the boys used to ride down-hill. They had removed the fences on each side of the road so there was an uninterrupted path from the top of the steep hill above the schoolhouse all the way to the creek. They had secured an old bob-sled. On this, as many rough fellows as could hang on, would make the descent. It appears that on this particular day Ed got pushed off, caught his new pants on a spike, and ripped the leg from waistband all the way down. What news to take home to mother! Well, he pinned and tied up the rent as well as he could, displaying the good leg to the light. After supper he made off upstairs, removed the torn garment, and standing in the dark at the top of the stairs called, "Mother, come here, I've got a little rip in my new pants. Will you please sew it up for me?" Then he flung the garment ripped from Dan to Beer-sheba down the stairs into his mother's arms. Poor grandmother! There will be more about her anon.

Uncle Ed married Martha Frances of Cherry Valley. They lived for a while on the "John Neal farm" which adjoined the homestead on the east. But from my earliest recollections, he lived "down on the creek", a mile below Roseboom. Here the children grew up, Edna, Sarah (Satie), George and the twins Alcena and Cerena.

Occasionally father would drive down and take us boys. There was always a hearty welcome and always guns and fish poles. Uncle Ed set Harry, when a very small boy, on the bridge with a pole, and to his great delight he caught a large fish. Sometimes Fred and I would go "down-across" through field and wood with our guns. If it chanced to be winter, Uncle Ed would play checkers with us by the hour.

Uncle Ed practised oriental exaggeration. We would meet him in the village. "Have you got your corn planted?" "No, Uncle Ed, not yet." "I've got mine in," he would always say. Later we would find out that he hadn't even ploughed the ground. This exaggeration, however, did no harm for we always discounted it. He was truthful in matters that counted and honest, with no bad habits. He was a member of the Methodist Church, as were we all, but he was scarcely a "pillar", whereas his three brothers were the main props. Uncle Ed was never hard-bitten by the religious bug, as were some of us in our family. He got along, however, without it. He appeared to enjoy life. He had a contagious smile and his great rotund form radiated good nature. For a man of his build, he got around pretty spryly. One evening, he, a young fellow who worked for him, and Welty (the Dutchman in George Scott's blacksmith shop) were walking up to the village when one of the men dared Uncle Ed to run up to the hotel, the loser to buy the beers. The village was astonished to see a big man followed by two smaller ones racing madly up the street. Welty bought the beers.

He enjoyed an amusing story or situation. In the small town of Roseboom, which we always called "Lodi", was a crop of unique characters, some of which had no visible means of support. Many of the most amusing incidents I have known happened there.

For instance, Uncle Henry Baney, the fattest man in the world (and notoriously untidy) and a near neighbor to Uncle Ed, had a facility for getting into law suits. Dave Bates, a lawyer living at Cherry Valley, always managed to be attorney for plaintiff or defense. He possessed a fine sense of humor, great audacity and a ready tongue. He never failed to put on a good show. In this particular suit, he represented Uncle Henry, who was sweating like a draft horse under the grilling of

the opposing attorney. Now it happened that a new jail had just been built at Cooperstown. Dave, noticing Uncle Henry's damp troubled brow, sidled up to him and in a low measured stage voice advised, "don't let 'em scare you Uncle Henry, they'll never put you in that new jail to dirty it all up." Uncle Ed would be present on such an occasion. One glance would convince you that he was enjoying himself to the full.

For Uncle Ed life was not the serious business that it was for his brothers. Father was his antithesis; for him there was never an idle hour. While Uncle Ed managed to get his crops sown and reaped and indeed passed for a fairly good farmer, his conscience did not bother him if a fine day slipped by without much work performed; or if in winter he were playing checkers and the time came to water the stock, he would play on. Finally Aunt Marth would go to the barn and let out the cows. However, if he were called upon to help a neighbor, he would put in a grand day's work and, no doubt, there were times when he worked for himself very diligently. We thought that he permitted poor old Aunt Marth to do more than her share. She was a prodigious worker. She would go into the field and dig like a peasant, or go to the barn and milk and care for the cattle.

He did not always display a delicate regard for her feelings. One time I rode down the hill with them to Lodi. The snow was deep and the road steep. Poor Aunt Marth was frightened, "Ho, hi, 'ope we don't meet a team" (she being English had trouble with the letter 'h') said she prayerfully. "I hope we meet forty," was her spouse's comforting remark.

This disregard for her had its repercussions. Toward the end of her life her mind and strength failed. These were not the best days. After Aunt Marth passed, he went to live with George in the town of Root near Randall. Wheeler and Doctor Fred went to see him near the end. He was in bed, his mind was not clear. He just rounded out his four-score years. He was buried at Charleston, Four Corners.

I have mentioned the contrasting statures of Tom and Ed. Uncle Tom's granddaughter, Vernetta, whose profession is anthropology, accounts for her grandfather's undersize in this way. When the grandparents came over, Thomas was a babe of 3 months, his mother was sick the entire voyage of six weeks. Consequently the child was undernourished, which stunted him for life.

By the same token, the grandparents must have been in prime condition three years later when they produced the lusty Edwin. But how does one account for the change in temperament? By which of the laws of the universe did the stiffnecked austere Englishman and his circumspect religious wife beget this great, good-tempered, careless son so different from the run of the family?

However it may have happened, I am glad that he belonged to our family for every time I think of him I have to smile. I would rejoice if by some necromancy he could be brought back to become my neighbor. I shall always remember him with affectionate amusement. When my brothers were all alive, we used to talk of the times when he would drive up to our place with the family. We always cut his hair and played a few games of checkers. After supper, he would drive the big black team up to the block. Aunt Marth and the girls would pile in and he would gather up the reins and invariably say, "Now come down." I have received many a letter from my brothers ending, "Now come down."

Edna (1856) the first born in the family resembled her mother and became like her. She married Irving Judson (born the same year as Edna) one of the boys from the old Judson farm a mile down from the homestead in Hubble Hollow. Irv and Edna worked the old farm a number of years. Here Floyd, their only child, was born (about 1879). Floyd was a quiet hard-working young fellow who took the same pose in standing as his Uncle George. He died before his time.

Later they bought a farm south on the hill from Cooperstown, but in later life they lived in Springfield.

Edna's pattern in life was destined to be a replica of her mother's. She worked very hard indoors and out, and her easy-going, ingratiating husband did not interfere. Edna passed in 1927 and Irv in 1932. They, with their son, were buried at Middlefield Center.

UNCLE ED'S FAMILY

Sarah (Satie) born October 22, 1857, a blooming, ample, fair-skinned, good-natured girl belonged on her father's side. She married (1874) Clark Sutherland, a house painter. They lived for a number of years near Pleasant Brook. Later they moved to Bowerstown near Cooperstown. They had three children:

Jay Walter (September 21, 1881)
Edward Henry (June 10, 1887)
Leeta Bessie (January 20, 1892)

Jay married (1905) and died October 9, 1931.

Edward married (May 18, 1917) and to this couple were born Alice, Genevieve, Edward, Jr. (now in the Army).

Leeta married (1912) - Meyers.

George (1859-1933) our well-beloved cousin was the third child to be born in this family and the only son. Fred and I were gun-crazy. When we were small boys George was grown. He possessed a double-barrel shotgun, many fish poles, traps, his father's good nature, a fearless heart, great physical strength and endurance, and little learning. We have never been nearer heaven, I think, than following George down the creek with gun, fish pole and great expectation.

George knew the creek for miles and the hiding places of the fish. In winter he tramped it up and down for muskrat. George was only middle-sized and scarcely looked that for he was thin and never stood straight. However, he was big-boned and like his father, had big wrists and hands. He was a powerful man with great endurance, and had he been steeped in the lore of the Bard, doubtless he would have said with Caesar, "Of all the wonders that I have yet heard, it seems to me most strange that men should fear." He once possessed a vicious old mare which would kick the day-lights out of anything that came near her. George went around her as unconcerned as if she were a lamb. He would stick his hand into a hive of bees to remove a comb of honey and come away unscathed. He was amiable, he never started a row, nor did he ever run away. He did not need Polonius' advice to Laertes, "---but being in bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."

George worked very hard. He farmed for a while, then he worked for other farmers. He never accumulated any property. When he had a little money, he spent it with a generous hand. He seemed to live without a moral code, yet he possessed no bad habits despite the fact that there were dozens of rough young fellows in the community who broke many of the commandments. He did not drink, use tobacco, nor was he profane.

The week before Christmas, 1933, came letters from Doctor Harry and Wheeler stating that George had passed. I was so moved that this once best beloved cousin, possessing so many appealing qualities was no more, that I sat down and wrote a short biography (see Appendix). Copies were sent to my brothers and to his sons. Could this simple man have known it, he would have been filled with astonishment that there was anything to write about in his life.

Notwithstanding the hardships, the feats of physical strength and endurance, his disregard for health and safety, he lived to a good age. He died in his 75th year and was buried beside his wife at Salisbury Corners, New York.

George married Una Baxter of Pleasant Brook. Four children were born to them. Sarah, Edna, David, Harry - they are all married. David has two children, Sarah three, and Harry two. They all live around Salisbury Center near Dolgeville, New York.

Alcena and Cerena, twin girls, were born to Uncle Ed and Aunt Marth in the fall of 1864. Like their sister Satie, they favored their father in that they were ample, fair-skinned, light-haired, good-natured girls. Each of them came to our house and helped Mother at different times.

Alcena married Will Spafford. Soon after their marriage, they left the neighborhood. We did not see Alcena thereafter. She was destined to break the circle. She died in 1924, Satie in 1925, Edna 1927, George in 1933, Cerena in 1934. Alcena was buried in the cemetery in Roseboom.

Cerena married Jake Scott (although he may have been christened Jacob, he was always known as Jake). Jake was the son of Hiram Scott, who at that time lived on the first farm out of the woods, on the road up from Roseboom to the old homestead. Jake was the second oldest of a half dozen boys in the family. For a time after their marriage, they lived on the Rast Blair farm in Hubble Hollow. Later they moved to Fultonville. Here they prospered for Jame was an honest industrious man. They raised a fine family of four, Emery, Walter, Lena and Ida.

Lena had six children, four boys and two girls. Her son Robert, a tall, well set up young man, lost his life last year ('44) over-seas fighting for his country.

Ida has one son; Emery and Walter each a daughter.

A letter was shown me recently by Elizabeth Parkin written by Mother to Lottie Vickers Brown which described at great length Cerena's wedding - the number of geese, turkeys, chickens, cakes which loaded down the groaning table, the long list of gifts, the gowns worn by the bride and bridesmaid. She mentioned that none of Uncle Tom's family were present - young Charlie had just died.

Cerena, the last of the family, just attained the Biblical age of 70. She died in 1934. She and Jake were both buried in Mapletown, New York.

AUNT ELIZABETH'S FAMILY

ELIZABETH ANN (AUGUST 1, 1835 - APRIL 22, 1897)

Two years after the birth of Edwin, came George who died at the age of fifteen, and two years later the second daughter, Elizabeth Ann (Aunt Lib) was born.

Aunt Lib married Steven Ludlam, a carpenter, and there were born to them Elizabeth (Lizzie) and Frank.

Father used to tell an amusing story about the birth of Lizzie. When this child was about to be born, Elizabeth came home to her mother. Father went to Roseboom for Doctor Stericker. The doctor was away, so he went on four miles up to Cherry Valley. Here, unable to get a doctor, he returned to Roseboom and down to Doctor Stericker's house again to see if he had returned. As he stood there, he heard someone shouting. There up the street stood his hired man, a little Irishman Johnny Murphy. "Don", he shouted. "Don tell 'em to go to hell, it's all got along wid."

Aunt Elizabeth had a home in Cherry Valley. She lost her husband when the children were small.

The daughter, Lizzie, a slender, fastidious young lady, learned the dress-maker's trade and sewed for the best families in town. She was a talented girl, sang in the church choir and painted in her spare time. Rather late in life she married Zachariah Eckerson, a carpenter and builder in the village. Soon after their marriage, Zack, as he was called, became manager of the Wardwell farm at the head of Otsego Lake. For a number of years he capably managed the big farm and superintended the construction of the large house and other buildings which Mr. Wardwell was building. He had an operation for appendicitis from which he did not survive. This untimely end shocked us all for he was liked and respected for his ability and greatly valued by his employer.

There was a son Harry who was a small boy when his father passed. Cousin Lizzie and the boy came to live with Father and Mother on the farm for a while. Later, she lived for a few years in Cooperstown. Her last years were spent in Pulaski. She was buried in the family lot at Cherry Valley.

Harry had a leaning toward architecture and landscape work, and has done some work in both of these fields. He still lives in Pulaski and is unmarried.

Frank was a rugged young fellow. He worked for Father for a year or two and for farmers near Cherry Valley. Then he learned the carpenter trade and worked at it alternately with farming all his life.

He married Mary Snell, a girl living in our neighborhood. Mary's father died when she was a small girl, and her mother married John Sweezy. Into this family Frank came and lived for a number of years after his marriage. Later he bought a farm on the south side of the creek near Clarksville. After he left this place he moved about, working at carpentry part of the time. His last days were spent at Elk Creek. He died at about the age of seventy-five. Frank was a hard-working, industrious man with good habits who deserved greater success than he ever attained. There were two sons, Dorr and Glenn.

Aunt Elizabeth had the Vickers' red hair and light skin. She, like her brothers, could work with her hands. She altered the interior of her house one time, changed partitions, cut new openings, hung doors. She did all of this work herself. She and Lizzie kept the house immaculately. They would pull down the shades to keep the rugs from fading. We rough boys from the farm thought they were fastidious. Whenever we called or visited them, we were always kindly received. Aunt Elizabeth died in 1897 at the age of 62. She was buried in the family lot in Cherry Valley.

DAN'S FAMILY

DAN ANDTISDEL (JANUARY 28, 1838 - MAY 31, 1921)

Dan was the last to be born in this family, save for the twin girls, Lucy and Fanny (March 3, 1840) who died within a few days of birth.

When he was a baby, Grandfather built the new house. He laid the cellar foundations himself and thereby contracted rheumatism which left him lame. During his latter years he walked with two canes.

It appears that the older boys had left home. Father took charge of the place when he was about fifteen. The old farm was small, only about 80 acres, exclusive of the 18 acre wood lot back on the hill adjoining the Pope, Webb and Gates properties. It was rough and stony and much of it was wet. It was considered much inferior to the Pope farm just to the north. Grandmother died in 1860. Two years later at the age of 24, father married Adelia A. Bowers who lived with her family a mile down the road to the south. How she cooperated in the building of the family will be told anon.

Father had a genius for making improvements. At an early age, he undertook the betterment of this stubborn piece of property. He started cleaning the fields of stone and rocks. He ditched the wet places. He ran an open ditch on either side of the low flat below the house, and laid many rods of blind ditch to springs in other fields. This was done by digging a ditch about three feet deep, laying small stones on either side of the bottom of the ditch, and covering with flat stones. This left a passage of 6" x 6" to carry off the water. The ditch was then refilled. The result was that fields that could not be driven on or worked in wet weather, were dry. There was not an acre on the farm which was not cleared and drained.

He was, however, somewhat handicapped by Grandfather who retained the old world way of doing things. The old man used to go out and sit on his two canes to watch the way work was progressing. Father told me this incident.

He had working for him a little Irishman - and thereby hangs the tale. Johnny Murphy worked for father for thirteen years, never leaving the place. He was uncommunicative - nothing was known about him. One day near the end of his service he said, "Don, the wife and childer are comin'." This was news indeed. No one had ever guessed that he had a family. Through a priest at Cooperstown he had arranged for the passage of the family. So Father and Johnny drove to the station and brought home Bridget and the two young daughters. I will leave to the imagination the courage of this woman to cross the stormy Atlantic to land in a great city and then find her way 200 miles to an unknown country and at last find the man she had not seen for thirteen years; and to your creative faculty, the joy that must have surged in the heart of this uncommunicative little man to have restored to him his young daughters and his wife. It was surmised that this was the reason for maintaining his long silence: that he belonged to a society in Ireland which at times took the law into its own hand, that lots were drawn and Johnny drew the unlucky number, and rather than commit the dark deed - murder or whatever - he decided to decamp.

Well, Johnny did not like the old gentleman, and one day he and Father started moving a wall between two fields back of the house. Came a shout from Grandfather sitting on his two canes, "I wanna ha'e it! I want ta ha'e two fine little lots." The little Irishman straightened up. "Ah, tell 'im to go to Hell!" Notwithstanding, Father managed to clear the fields. The stone was built into walls surmounted by two rails. This was before the era of barbed wire.

THE WIGGLEY LOT

About the time I was born, Father bought the 20 acre "Wiggley lot". This property adjoined the farm on the west and all but 6 acres was wooded. A stream ran through it whose source was "the old Commodore spring" on the Morton farm. The banks were steep on either side. One of the Wiggley men champed his teeth and chuckled derisively, "We've got rid of that dammed old gully."

DAN'S FAMILY

Father knew what he was doing. He started to clear the land. He cut the trees into cordwood and drew it to Cherry Valley where he sold it for \$4.00 a cord. It took him several winters of unceasing hard labor. He would rise very early, do all the chores, get breakfast and start off with a load by daylight. The weather was never too cold or stormy to stop him. He often took along a shovel and opened the road in spots where the snow had drifted overnight. When the ground was cleared, he managed to break it between the stumps, sow with rye and seed. The rough "stump lot" became an excellent pasture with its stream of water enabling him to increase his dairy - a dairy assures a living and is a sure way to improve the land. Years later, new owners of the Wiggley farm coveted the good pasture land and tried to buy it.

This was an important step in the enlargement of the farm and by this time father had improved the farm so that it was considered vastly superior to the Pope farm on the north, which as I have said, was called the best farm on the hill a generation before.

THE BIG BARN

Father had foresight. He saw that he would soon need more barn room. Shortly before he bought the Wiggley lot, he planned to build a big barn. He cut timber, had it sawed, and other large timbers he hewed. He got masons and carpenters, and when all was ready, the neighbors were invited to the "raisin'". This barn would not be considered big in this day, but at that time it was the largest, by far, in the community. Father was thought to be demented.

When the day came, a huge crowd of curious men turned up from distant places; many he had never seen before. All went well. The bents were placed on the wall. A stout man with bar stood at the foot of each post. Brawny men took their places with pikes. "Now, are you ready?" asked the boss carpenter. "Hee-ha hee" and up went the first bent and was staylathed. Then up went the second bent. Darling men climbed and placed connecting beams, braces were placed in the mortises and pegged. Bent after bent went up and was tied in place. Then the plates were placed, then the purlins, last of all the rafters were put in place and spiked. There stood the great skeleton, and the men gazed at it in awe and wonder! "How will Dan ever fill that barn?"

The boss carpenter had planned well. The frame had gone up as if by magic. Tables were set out-of-doors. There was plenty to eat and drink. Always there were gallons of whiskey at such gatherings and some of the men drank with the same zest that they had shown in working. After dinner the men got horseshoes and pitched quoits out in the pasture all the afternoon. Then they went home and told the women folks about the Dan Vickers' raisin'.

As fate would have it, hay that year was a failure. There was such a small harvest that it was difficult to find it when haying was over. In later years we sweated in the hay mow, wishing there were twice as much room. Indeed, I cannot remember a year when the barn was not full to bursting.

HOP RAISING

Father had always depended on his dairy; however about the year 1882, he decided to go into the hop raising business. He set out a yard, bought hop poles and built a hop house.

The first crop was in the year when the price soared to the unheard of price of \$1.00 per pound. That is, a few growers got that highest of all prices. Others sold all the way up and some growers refused to sell, held on, and, to their great sorrow, sold the next year at 20 or 25 cents, which was the normal price. Father sold for 55¢. This first crop brought nearly \$2000 - quite a substantial sum for a farmer to make in one season. He continued to raise hops successfully because he carried on with the dairy and other farming. Most farmers who went in for hops in a big way, failed sooner or later. Some years the crops failed, other years the price of hops was too low, and when the price went above the average, it was diffi-

cult to sell at the right time. The business entailed a lot of hard and constant work from early spring until the crop was harvested and sold.

Hop picking was a lively time. Gangs of hoboes came out from the cities and roamed the country for two or three weeks before it was time to pick. Although these men were about as tough as they come, many of them doubtless with criminal records, we got along with them without any trouble. I was "boss of the yard" for a number of years. The boss sacks the hops, kept the records, and saw that they were properly picked. Some of these men were amusing fellows. Old bow-legged stuttering George came for a number of years. One of them said that George's legs were warped from lying on the walk in the Battery. One day George mentioned the death of his mother. "Me-me mother di-died in June." Ted McGan, a boiler maker, florid, big of girth, poker-faced, spoke up, "Oh hell, you had a nice ride; mine died in January."

Finally a blight struck the hop fields. Hop raising in Otsego and adjoining counties was finished.

THE NEW HOUSE - 1887

The hops and dairy paid so well that Father decided to build a new house. As usual, he planned ahead. He bought logs, had them sawed and quarried stone for foundation wall above ground. We drew quantities of field stone for the wall below ground and dug sand from our own bank. We all worked very hard for the farm had to be carried on with the building of the house.

Father had chosen the site in the "12 acre lot" opposite the barnyard years before and had planted a row of maple trees along the road. I liked carpentry so well that I would have been exalted to the seventh heaven had I been permitted to work with the carpenters instead of tending mason, drawing stone and doing farm work. I was only 15 but I had been doing a man's work for a couple of years.

The house was big and furnished forth with many rooms. It was not an architectural masterpiece, but it was well built, comfortable and big enough to shelter us all. It was winter before the interior was complete and we were able to occupy it. Father and Mother went to Albany to buy new furniture. It is said that a farmer builds his barn first and his house last. Ours was no exception. The little old house was shabby and unpainted, the big red barns were much better looking. The new house with garden and small fruit trees stretching south, with the big barns to the west, made quite an imposing group to strangers driving down the road.

THE FARM IS ENLARGED

I have mentioned the fact that Uncle Tom owned the farm adjoining the homestead to the south. It was destined to come back into the family. He sold it to Arnold Morton, a man with Irish wit, a wife and ten boys. He was not altogether industrious, but he was the most consistent smoker that I have ever known. He used to sit with his feet in the oven and smoke all day. One day, Mrs. Morton, harrassed with all the work of the household, threw down her dishrag. "Ah" said she, "I have too much work to do!" The elder Morton removed his pipe and regarded her with profound astonishment. Finally he said, "I don't see that you have so much to do; wash a shirt apiece for us and get us a little something to eat!" He claimed that he was not well, and perhaps he was not for he was the first of the family to pass.

Some years later, one of the older boys worked the farm. His two little girls acquired some matches, went out to the barn and set fire to some straw. We were working in the field with the team when we saw a mighty column of smoke ascending. We drove the horses like Jehu and arrived in time to carry out some of the gear from the house. In a very short time all of the buildings were in ashes. All! ironically no, the house which Chick Sales immortalized, alone, remained incontinently unscathed.

DAN'S FAMILY

Father bought the 128 acre farm for \$1600. It had not produced much for years. Some of the land was poor, and all of it had been neglected. Father proceeded to improve it. The first year he raised enough to pay half of the above sum.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about this farm was "the old Commodore spring". It lay in the field opposite the graveyard on the old farm and a dozen rods from the road. Father removed the stones, cleaned and enlarged it. It was perhaps six by eight feet and two feet deep. In the times of greatest drought a strong stream issued, and in ordinary times it gave forth a stream as large as a man's wrist. It was the finest spring in the entire neighborhood. The water was very cold. Often, when coming up the road from the back fields, we leaped the fence and ran over to slake our thirst. This spring, as I have said, was the source of the stream which ran down the gully through "the Wiggly lot", thence down through Hubbell Hollow. In its course it was augmented by other streams. Before it reached the Cherry Valley creek, three miles distant, it became a considerable stream, and in spring a torrent, the roar of which used to fill me with awe and wonder.

Now it was necessary to enlarge the barns, increase the dairy, and buy more gear to operate a large farm. One wonders what the original barn raisers would have said had someone predicted that in a generation "the great barn" would be extended to more than twice its size, and would be filled each year to overflowing. With the big dairy, the extended hop and grain fields, meadows and pastures, there was no rest. We worked through the hot sun from crack of dawn until night mercifully closed over us. If I had it to do again, I would institute an occasional sit-down strike, let come what may.

The remark Ben Butler made about Fred Palmer in the store applied equally well to father. Fred had bought a little rough farm on East Hill and managed to pay for it in a few years (while Ben was steadily losing his good inherited farm). Ben used to lie on the middle of his back on hop sacking in the store, with his hands back of his head, his legs crossed. He was a short stocky man with no neck and a short gray beard. He would shut his eyes and wag his head when he talked. Said Ben one day in his half-crying voice, thus reclining, "Jesus Christ, you put Fred on a rock in the middle of the Pacific and he'd make a livin'."

I think the neighbors considered Father a good farmer. He was, however, more than that. He could mend a wagon, a harness, a pair of boots, shoe a horse, build a wall, top out a chimney, move a building, do any kind of carpentry or cabinet work. He could draw a will or mortgage. He understood simple law. He drew old Henry Ludlum's will and was the executor of his estate. He had a fine sense of humor, he was a good mimic and he told a story well. He knew the value of things and he therefore usually made a good bargain. Had he gotten into a business where there was money, such for instance as contracting, he doubtless would have made a fortune. He paid his debts promptly. He was a leading member of the church. There was grace at meals and morning prayer as long as he lived. (An old devout uncle who performed this religious exercise, had a hired man who listened to the Scriptural reading and then knelt during the long prayer. Said Uncle Coon, "I-I am pleased to see that you kneel with us at prayer." "Ya", said Jake. "It rests the back.")

Although I have set down for Father a substantial list of virtues and accomplishments, I do not wish to convey the impression that he was a paragon of virtue. Mother was the saint. Father, like the Beechers, was "neither saint nor sinner". He was not without certain faults on which I am loathe to dwell. When, at long range, I consider his attainments, his driving energy, his building force, - - "Let him who is without sin throw the first stone."

MOTHER (MAY 7, 1837 - SEPTEMBER 7, 1912)

Father chose the right woman to be his wife. Mother did more than her share in the care of the household, and the rearing of us children. Yet, in some respects, she was Father's antithesis for she went about her work with a smile, with no thought of herself. She was uncritical and her heart was filled with a great love for us all, for her neighbors, for the little colt, for the newborn calf. The Christ said, "Unless you become as a little child - - -." She possessed all of that love, tolerance, gentleness and sympathy - she wanted much for her family, but little for herself.

DAN'S FAMILY

"The care of the household" mentioned above embraced many things besides feeding us all and keeping the house in order. When we were small, Mother made our shirts, pants, frocks (ancestor of the windbreaker) and knit our socks. She raised many chickens. She made soap in the big potash kettle set up back of the house. This was made from lye leached from wood ashes and boiled with fat - a barrel of soft soap and many cakes of hard yellow soap. I don't think these cakes contained the delicate sweet scent and chemical properties which the radio announcer so eloquently proclaims are essential for the lovely complexions of sensitive ladies and the tender skins of new-born babes.

Mother made her own emptins. She had a tall black jug in which she mixed pancake batter at night for breakfast at break of coming morning. Many a time I came downstairs before daylight to see the batter boiling out of the jug. I would give it a stir before kicking on my hard cold leather boots and going out to help with the chores.

For many years, before there was a neighborhood cheese factory, she made butter from a large dairy. We had a small cheese press in which she made a few cheese for the family. In the fall she made a large quantity of sausage. We boys turned the grinder to cut the meat. Father, however, took care of the meat we put down in barrels of brine to last through the summer.

Mother sewed on our buttons, sewed up our rips and tears, darned our socks with a smiling face. She grieved only when there was anger, strife, contention. It is difficult to write or talk about her dry-eyed. Father once told me that she would leave her warm bed in winter to kneel in the cold and pray for us boys. I greatly fear that all of her prayers were not answered, for all of us strayed far afield from the fundamental faith in which we were nurtured. I suppose it was natural for us to accept our early religious teaching, since we were incapable of original thinking. However, even at that time we were conscious of inconsistencies and contradictions in Holy Writ and in what we were taught, which bothered us, and I think, gave the clergy some anxiety. Some one asked our clergyman where Cain got his wife. "It is none of your business where Cain got his wife." "May be", answered the man, "But we are curious about many things that are known of our business."

Later we read many scientific books written by men who sought only the truth. We were to learn that much of our early teaching was far from the truth; that if we wished to be honest, we must discard much of the old doctrine which the church maintained was all important.

One time, in Mother's latter days, when Dr. Fred and I happened to be home, we got into an animated religious discussion, all of which was outside of Mother's simple belief and understanding. She sat quietly listening. Finally she said, "They say strange things."

Mother sustained a shock which partially incapacitated her during the last years of her life. She never complained; she retained all of her sweetness, gentleness, her love for all of the world.

She died September 7, 1912 at the age of seventy-five years, four months. She rests in the family lot at Roseboom by Father's side, with the dust of her little daughter and three of her sons hard by.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

I have described, as well as I am able, the old farm. The setting will perhaps be more complete if I relate here a word about the neighbors.

Allusion is made to the Pope family which was in its day, perhaps the most important in the neighborhood. There were several sons, two or three of which added little luster to the family escutcheon. They were contemporary with father and his brothers. They had all disappeared before my time.

"Uncle" Seth was the neighborhood's atheist. He used to shock his more conservative neighbors by working in his shop Sunday mornings - he was a cooper by trade - and in the afternoon by shouldering his smooth-bore rifle and going forth to hunt. Once the boys played a trick on him by setting up a dead woodchuck. When the old man went out with his gun he spied the woodchuck sitting up near his hole - a fine shot. He laid his rifle over the stone wall, took good aim and fired. The animal sat still. He quickly rammed home another charge (keeping his head below the wall), took careful aim and fired again. Still the animal sat up on his haunches. Uncle Seth climbed over the wall and walked over to see what was wrong, to find that rigor mortis had set in some time before. The boys concealed in the bushes saw the old man kick the woodchuck over in disgust and rage.

Uncle Seth was riding one day with a friend who shared his unreligous views. They rode in silence for several miles; finally his friend spoke up: "Seth, what do you suppose becomes of a man not quite good enough to go to heaven and a little too good to go to hell?" Said Uncle Seth, who always spoke with great deliberation, "Oh-God-I-don't-know." After delivering this Huxlian reply they rode on a mile or more, then remarked his friend, "Well, I suppose they'll find some dammed little hole to put him in."

The family cemetery, surrounded by a picket fence, capped the crest of the hill to the north of the house. In plain sight down by the sand bank, 100 rods or so, stood the Vickers' monument and a score of lesser stones surrounded by a stone wall. Said Uncle Seth with ghoulish humor, "I want to be buried up on the hill so that I can see old daddy Vickers crawling out with his two canes on the resurrection day."

Uncle Seth's bones have long since gone back to dust and his family lot has disappeared. The remains of Grandfather Vickers and all of his family buried there were exhumed and placed in the family lot at Roseboom three or four decades ago; however, the Judgment Day is still imminent, and as the old clergyman in Bermuda said in a letter to the new Governor, "I hope our people will like you for all things are possible with God."

Just over the hill lived Joseph Webb, an old Englishman. There was a big family of boys and girls. The son Joe inherited the old farm and his brother John lived on the farm just below him. They were good neighbors; we went to school with their children. Joe's wife, Mary Ann, was a strong vigorous woman who thought nothing of going out in the field and helping the men. She also helped bring all of us into the world.

Joe was an honest hardworking man with a propensity for telling outrageous yarns, and he related them with such seriousness that one would swear he believed them as he believed the truth of the Gospel. One time at a chopping bee, during an interval when the men stopped work a few minutes to have a drink, one of the men stated that he had just killed a beef, a very large animal weighing 200 pounds to the quarter. All eyes were turned on Joe.

"Last winter," he began in his slow measured voice (which I can imitate but cannot convey to the reader) "when I went down to Pennsylvania to see Carline Lake, Charley he'd just killed the bull. They cut him up and put a hind quarter on the scales and it weighed 250 pounds." Morell Bullis, a hard bitten, tough, profane man leaned on his axe and gazed at Joe hardfaced, and unblinking. Said he sardonically, "Not much of a year for bulls either." "No", replied Joe, "just an ordinary year." Morell picked up his ax. Said he in constrained voice, "Goddamned liar!"

NEIGHBORS

There was a blackberry story he was fond of telling: "One day Mary Ann said, 'Joe, I wish I had some blackberries.' I picked up a 12 quart pail and started off. Up in the brush lot I picked it full then I sat down and ate them all. Then said I, 'I ain't got no blackberries for Mary Ann', so I filled the pail again and took'm home. She fixed some for supper then she said, 'Joe, I don't suppose you want any', and she held up a big dish. 'Yes,' I said, 'Mary Ann I'll take 'em. I like blackberries.'" He would tell these preposterous yarns as long as anyone would listen. However, Joe was an honest man and a good citizen; he never stretched the truth to get the best of a bargain.

Over the hill to the north lived another good neighbor, Benjamin L. Gates. His three sons, our good friends, were all fond of horses. If they could have devoted all of their energies to horse breeding that would have been the life. Only Herbert and Agnes, the youngest son and daughter are living. Fifty years ago, Dr. Fred married Kate, the eldest daughter and the mother of Gates.

Down the road toward Lodi lived two Englishmen, John and Will Neal, both amusing fellows who gave us many a laugh. Will had three boys and two girls. The boys were our good friends, two of which are living.

Straight south down the road a mile lived old Henry Ludlam who was a character indeed. He was an Englishman, truthful and honest, but he possessed two faults. He was a miser and he had for a housekeeper a very untidy disreputable old woman whom we called Old Peg - she was a fault indeed. Father used to find it amusing to walk down there of a Sunday afternoon.

Some years previous, the son of a Mr. Johnson at Cherry Valley had been killed by a bull. Old Henry never tired of relating the incident. "Dan," he would begin in his slow measured way with great emphasis on every word, "There was a man in Cherry Valley - " "Now he's goin' to tell dat devilish old bull story!" and the old woman in her whining voice would start to mimic the old man. "Keep still," old Henry would command. "If you were dead, and they were to hold a post-mort-em ex-am-i-nation they would find you all wind," the old man would say in great disgust.

One time when a small boy, I found his long lost hammer (one with very long claws which he called Shakespeare). When I delivered it to him he took it in his shaking old hand, "H-u-m", (he always cleared his throat) "it's Shakespeare come to life."

In spite of the wretched care he received in his most unsanitary tumbled down house, he lived to be an octogenarian. His besetting sins brought down sorrow upon his head. He bequeathed the farm to his ungrateful grandson who refused to mark his grave (he was laid away in our family cemetery). The buildings are all gone and the farm deserted. He would have done well to have followed the wisdom in Ecclesiastes, " - - eat and drink and enjoy the good of thy labor, it is the gift of God."

His funeral was on a very cold winter's day. His life had not followed an orthodox pattern of virtue. Old Avery Bullis, anxious to hear what the clergyman would say walked all the way up from Lodi through the deep snow to attend the service. When he returned home someone down in the store asked him what the clergy said. "By the Life", answered Avery, "he didn't say anything about him at all."

In the early days the Bullis family lived in a little house on the four corners just south of our place, but in later life Avery lived at Lodi. There are many stories told about this obstinate, perverse old fellow. Some men in the store were discussing changing conditions in crops. "Take buckwheat", said Bill Dornburgh, "There used to be a time when a man could plow up any little corner, sow a little buckwheat and get a good crop." Avery sat in silence until there was a lull. "Gentlemen," he began with great dignity, "I want you to understand that buckwheat ain't no damned fool." (It was Avery who bet 800 was 1000 - see appendix)

Just beyond old Henry's farm lived Uncle George Gaylor, a stoopshouldered bearded old fellow who went around with a half smile which gave him a good-natured appearance.

In the early days there were no undertakers. When a person died a local carpenter made the coffin. Uncle George sometimes made the coffin when a neighbor passed and he always was the self-appointed undertaker. He went to every funeral armed

with a screw-driver. When the service reached a certain stage, Uncle George always emerged from the congregation, brought forth his screw-driver and proceeded to take the lid from the coffin.

One time he came by our house, bound for Middlefield Center, a distance of 3 miles from his home. Said he to father, "That Real Bush has been thrown on the town for support!" "What are you going to do about it George?" "I'm goin' to register a protest, it runs up my taxes," replied Uncle George with just indignation. His taxes that year amounted to one and one-half cents. Uncle George was taking a day off and hoofing it 6 miles to protect his interests.

Uncle George had a daughter Kate. Kate was a saucy girl with a ready tongue and she was the "spitten-image" and personification of the late piquant and much beloved actress, Helen Westley.

She became engaged to John Walker who had received a liberal bounty from the government. Among the many things John lacked were wisdom, understanding and good taste. After getting the bounty, he proceeded to shower gifts upon the head (and back) of Kate, giving her, in that Victorian day, unmentionable nether garments.

The wedding day and the end of the bounty happened simultaneously. "The wedding's baked meats" were set forth. Friends filled the small but immaculate parlor (Aunt Cynthia, it was said, even scrubbed the pig). Bride and groom pressed into a flower filled corner, confronted by the clergy. "If anyone present objects to this man and woman becoming man and wife let him now speak or forever hold his peace." There was a moment of deadly silence, then the friends were flabbergasted to hear the plaintive mournful voice of Uncle George, "I object."

This, I think, is the first instance on record in which the father simultaneously gave away both bride and groom.

Notwithstanding, Uncle George was a good old fellow. He lived to a great age and, I regret to state, became at last an object of charity.

Next to Uncle George Gaylor's little place lived Michael Hanlon. Michael was a Hibernian without much of the knowledge which has become generally diffused in the world, but with a pipe - always a pipe in his mouth. One time the Finian sympathizers called a meeting. An Irishman had just concluded a heated speech when a wag espied Michael in a back seat. "Michael Hanlon! Michael Hanlon!" he called. Michael arose, still holding his pipe in the corner of his mouth, his breast swelling with pride, "Gentlemen, I am a fearmer from Middlefield and beyont," began Michael through clenched teeth, "I came to sphake a few words for the poor Irish Finians. I didn't come prepared to sphake, and if I had, I couldn't." There were "ha-ha-ha's" throughout the room. Someone seized Michael by the coat tail pulling him down into his seat. Although Mike lived to be an old man, this was his sole oratorical effort.

One summer we had finished haying, but Michael was only half done. Said father, "Michael, what will you take for the hay in the orchard?" "Twenty-five dollars," was his reply. Father, thinking this too much finally agreed to cut it on shares. He cut the hay and drew our half home, and returned to put Mike's half in his barn. Said Father, "Michael, how much will you take for your half?" "Twelve dollars and a half," he answered. We took the hay.

Mike's son-in-law, Tom Cross, was a big fellow with heavy black brows and moustache. He could have been "The Pirate of Penzance". When he was pleased, he opened wide his mouth drawing his breath down into the lowest depth of his digestive machinery.

The Morton boys took to tobacco as a cat takes to a dish of cream. There never was half enough in the family. Wes, one of the younger boys told me this a few years ago: "I saw Tom over in the field hoeing corn. I ran over and said, 'Tom give me a chew'. Tom's overalls rested on his boot tops, his sleeves were rolled up, his shirt open at the neck. He leaned on his hoe and looked down on me, his mouth came open, he sucked his breath down deep. 'Wes,' he said in his deep husky bass voice, 'ye tuk the vary words out of me mouth. I was just going to ask you for a chew.' I didn't get a chew, Wes continued, but it has saved me quite a lot of change. When

a fellow comes along and strikes me for a loan I say, 'ye took the very words out of me mouth'. I was just going to ask you for a loan.'"

Down in the Wiggley family lived a man names John Gilbert with a most unusual brilliant mind. Father used to say he might have become the president had he directed his talent that way. John played cards late on Saturday night. The next day he strolled into church and fell asleep during the sermon. He dreamed, it appears, of the card game rather than of spiritual things for the congregation was startled to hear him say, "Hearts are triumphs B'God!" All eyes were upon him. The clergy gazed in horror. Then he raised his eyes heavenward and rubbed his hands reverently, and in a voice suffused with great veneration he said, "Let our hearts triumph in God."

John Gilbert took the downward path, became a forger and realizing that Government agents were on his track, deliberately starved himself to death. Just after his death the agent arrived and demanded to see him. He stripped back the shroud to find the man cold. Death had marched just ahead of the Arm of the Law.

He passed without benefit of clergy. A day or two before he died, he concocted a ribald story about the delay of the funeral of an old neighbor who had just gone on. This was a consistent, if sad, end to a man with a great mind.

DAN'S FAMILY

A HALF DOZEN CHILDREN

To Father and Mother on the rough little farm back on the hill, six children were born. Johnnie Murphy would have said, "Five byes and a child." In this case, it was reversed. "The child" was the first born - a strong, well-favored little girl named Addie, whose tragic death at the age of two and one-half years brought great sorrow to this newly established household. Mother was mopping the floor. Something frightened the child. She stepped back and sat down in the bucket of hot water. It is possible that this grievous loss accounts, at least in part, for the great love, gentleness and sympathy which possessed our mother's entire life.

A SON IS BORN

About two years later, a son was born (May 24, 1868 - Queen Victoria's birthday). This small red-haired child, who was christened Fred, must have gone far to lift the load of sorrow from the young mother's aching heart. A year or so later the family all but lost this child. Mother's brother Conrad, who managed the Bowers' farm, had married and there were several small children, one of which had contracted scarlet fever. Our family payed a visit to his home. There the baby caught the dread disease from which he barely escaped with his life. This early illness left its mark for he grew up a thin, rather undersized lad with a heart difficulty which prevented him from working all one summer. However, this passed and although he was able to help on the farm, he was less rugged than the rest of us.

He went to the little district school, as did we all, until he was grown. Our original schoolhouse had a desk running around three sides of the room. We kept our books in it and wrote (and carved) on the hinged slanting top. We also rested our backs against it for we sat on the bench just in front of it. When we wrote, we threw our legs over and sat facing the wall. The stove stood in the center of the floor and the teacher's desk stood near the north blank wall on which was the blackboard.

Once a year the school commission used to visit our little old school. It was an event. We used to sit on the bench running around the perimeter of the room with our bare feet (in summer) hanging down. Sometimes this dignitary would give us a short talk. Had he been asked to select the most promising boy he doubtless would have passed over the slight redheaded freckle-faced lad who was destined to become a leading physician, a skillful surgeon and the first boy in the entire neighborhood to become a professional man.

Later the old school gave way to the "little red schoolhouse" which Father helped to build and in which all five of us were destined to teach.

Before Fred taught this school, he spent a winter in the Cherry Valley Academy. He taught the Lentsville school the next winter. He had, however, decided that he would be a doctor. He studied for a summer with Dr. Gillett at Roseboom and when he was 22, he matriculated with the Albany Medical College from which he graduated in 1893. Soon after he opened an office in Canajoharie.

The doctor soon built up an extensive practice. He had a couple of fast teams and he drove like Jehu. He must have had a little sporting blood for he raised a fast trotting colt, which business he might better have left to the sporting horsemen.

He was well liked by the people. After he left, one man said, "If the doctor came back and advertised that he would open an office Monday morning, there would be a line of patients waiting at his door."

In 1894 he married Kate Gates, daughter of good neighbors living over the hill. In Canajoharie their son Gates was born, and here his wife Kate died. Dr. Harry, in the meantime, had established a practice in Little Falls. Dr. Fred practiced here nearly two decades. Then his health failed and he sold his practice and went to Little Falls with Dr. Harry for a short time, but the rigorous winters were too much for him. He went back to the farm staying with Wheeler for a while. We were alarmed about his breakdown for it affected his disposition. He did not care whether or not he got well, and he seemed to

have lost interest in his profession. He finally decided to go West and started having no destination in mind. He finally landed in Deming on the Southern Pacific R.R. in the southwest corner of New Mexico. The town, with the desert and distant blue mountains, looks the same as Old Mexico. Here he bought a farm on which he lived for a time. I do not think that he swamped the market with the produce of the farm.

He married Crelle - a widow somewhat his junior who had two young sons. Soon thereafter he moved into town and opened an office. Here, as in Canajoharie, he made friends; soon he had a good practice and gained the reputation of being a skillful surgeon - the only one in that section of the country. A little later he became Chief Physician to Holy Cross Sanitarium, a Catholic hospital.

He took an interest in politics, became a member of the School Board, and Chairman of the Republican County Committee.

My wife and I visited him on our way to Mexico late in 1934. He showed me a letter from the newly elected Senator thanking him for the part he played in his election. On our way down, I met a man on the train, somewhere in Texas. "Dr. Vickers", he said, "he is well known." Although the doctor was 66, he was spry and active. The New Mexican climate had been his salvation. He probably would have died had he stayed in New York another winter.

This story is told of him. He had departed somewhat from the fundamental doctrine which nourished, or afflicted our youth. One of his patients, an aged atheist, was so ill that he decided to "shuffle off the mortal coil". The doctor was asked to conduct the service. The invitation was so urgent that he finally consented. The man's home was in a remote place. The doctor thought there would be just a handful present. However, the grapevine spread the news and the populace streamed in from far distant places. He read for the service the eulogy which Bob Ingersoll wrote for his beloved brother, and while delivering the great orator broke down and sobbed pitifully on his brother's bier. This same eulogy was destined to be read at the doctor's own service.

When the doctor was a lad, he was somewhat timid. Deciding he did not want to be that kind of a person, he set his face against it, took on a hard exterior and a positive attitude. He carried this so far that he sometimes appeared a little aggressive and domineering. He could dominate a weaker mind. He gave public exhibitions of hypnotism and sometimes used it while doing minor operations (I asked him to try it on me one time, knowing that he would not succeed; it was a failure). On a few occasions, I took the positive attitude because I didn't wish him to have his own way all the time. However, we got along very well for underneath he was really tender-hearted; he had a sense of humor and we agreed on most subjects. The doctor had a fast moving mind. He reasoned well, learned easily, was a skillful diagnostician but he was not so good a student as Dr. Harry. His positive quality accounts for his nerve in going in for surgery. His training at Albany consisted of 6 or 7 months for each of 3 years. Students observed operations but never had a chance to perform one. However he overcame this handicap and somehow gained the knowledge to become a skillful surgeon.

At one of his visits north, he told me he would like to write a book. I knew what was in the background of his mind. When a young lad, he had the humiliating experience of becoming "converted". At our little church the clergyman was holding protracted meetings. He held that one should become converted or else. Innocent boys and girls went through this experience. Nearly all of them, urged by the clergy, professed a change of heart only to be assailed by doubt at a later time. Fred was one of these and this false system of getting people into the church bit deeply into his mind. I advised him to go ahead with the book and get it out of his system.

He returned home and some months later sent me the manuscript for his book. I thought there were parts which could be improved. There was an exchange of letters. He made the changes I suggested. Edith, who was an editor by profession, edited the manuscript and I took it to Brentanos, who accepted it and called it "Knock Wood" because it dealt in part with superstitions. Ruth designed the wrapper and I designed the cover. Perhaps one would say it was philosophic, touching on science, religion and superstition.

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I have sited the doctor's professional ability and other praiseworthy qualities. The Gods, however, have a way of scattering gifts. The Doctor had no mechanical ability. He did not "make things" in the carpenter shop as did some of the rest of us. He did not understand art - he was color blind - - and music! He and father had about the same appreciation of music as Kimbo, our good-natured roan horse (who liked sugar and tobacco). So Fred's musical ability became something of a joke.

THE ORGAN

Several of the better families in the neighborhood bought organs and the girls learned to play. One of them played the church organ. Mother conceived the idea of getting an organ for us boys. She finally succeeded and Fred, once a week, put on his Sunday suit, walked to Lodi and took a lesson of Miss Delphine Andtistle - the sole child of old George Andtistle, the little town's only rich man, but "he had other faults".

The Bard said, "The man who hath no music in his soul is fit for stratagem and spoil - -" Well, Fred came near refuting this sweeping poetic statement. He was a bright boy, could learn things quickly, consequently he learned the notes and succeeded in playing simple things without too many wrong notes, but the sad part of it was that these little jingles he produced were absolutely soul-less. He had a way of finishing a piece by running his fingers down the keyboard regardless of consequences, the way a runaway team descends a steep hill. One time I went home just after he had gone to New Mexico. I wrote him while there, telling him how badly Father and Mother felt about his departure because they missed the music. He replied: "Father and Mother didn't make many mistakes but they did make one when they bought the organ." That was more or less true for we never got very far on the organ; we were not a musical family. A couple of us used to manage to pinch-hit for the organist in the little church, and two or three of us could sing with the congregation. I recall singing in the high school choruses and singing in a quartette in the Methodist Church in Cooperstown.

At college, to earn a couple of points, I sang in the Chapel Choir. Said Walt De Garmo, who was a real musician and was always playing his fiddle, "How did you manage to get in the choir?" Then I told him how Jim Ferguson and I went for a try-out. The organist was an absent-minded, nearsighted man. Jim, who had a deep rich voice sang first. "Very good" said the organist. "Now you try it." I stepped to the other side of Jim and whispered, "Sing tenor for me." Jim pitched his voice a little higher and sang. "Your voices are much alike," said the man. "That has been noticed by others," I said. "Well," said he, "be on hand Sunday morning."

The choir was in the loft at the back of the church. I noticed when we sang quite a number of persons glanced back at us furtively, and for the next few Sundays the congregation sloped off despite the fact that celebrated divines filled (or partially filled) the pulpit each Sunday. Jim whispered one morning, "Better just hum when we strike a difficult place." So whenever we came to a high note, I hummed in a low voice. It must have got around that the sour note in the choir had been eliminated, for soon the classic, sensitive worshipers began to troup back and it wasn't long until the Gothic edifice was again filled and chairs were placed in the aisles. I was glad Dr. Fred never knew of this incident.

As I have stated, he was well and active when we visited him in 1934. His wife Crelle, who seemed then well and blooming, passed three or four years later and the doctor soon after had an affected kidney removed and shortly thereafter underwent a second operation. The operations availed little since he was suffering from a malignant disease. He closed his practice and gradually failed. He remained cheerful and apparently accepted the approach of dissolution without the slightest apprehension as he had accepted life. He passed July 27, 1939 - aged 71. Gates and Wheeler arrived there just a few days before the end.

An unconventional service was held for him at his home and his ashes were sent to Wheeler. One beautiful warm Sunday afternoon in September we held a commitment service in the cemetery at Roseboom where rests the remains of our family. A service composed of poetic selections, of Holy Writ, of Shakespeare and other writings of the world's great was read by a clergyman before a large group of relations, old friends and acquaintances. Einstein says there are no straight lines; we travel in circles. So his ashes

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came back to rest in the old neighborhood and within a stone's throw of the old church which we all attended in our younger days.

Dr. Harry and Hayes had passed, before their time, a year earlier. We had placed for each of these beloved brothers a ledger of beautiful rainbow granite with simple inscription. We procured for the doctor an exact replica. There, side by side, lie the three brothers, while hard by rest Father and Mother, and there stands the tall old monument (brought down from the little graveyard on the farm) bearing the names of Grandfather, Grandmother and of the children who passed in early life.

Gates S., Dr. Fred's only child, was born at Canajoharie December 2, 1895. His father and the rest of us were rather bashful, timid boys - Gates was our antithesis. He was fearless. He asked for what he wanted and got it. For several years he was one of the liveliest young cockerels on the streets of his town. When his father sold out and went to Little Falls, they both lived with Dr. Harry for a time. Gates followed his father to the southwest. He entered the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts, graduating in 1917, and he acquired his M.S. in agriculture at Cornell in 1924. In that year he married Marion Coulson Leek. To them were born

Judith Ann (December 9, 1928)
Fred Gates (January 24, 1932)

He has lived for a number of years at Columbus, Ohio and I believe he was associated with the University in that city.

I mentioned above his self confidence as a youngster. It did not desert him in later life. It was at one of the Colleges, I think, that he was being examined as to his qualifications for an instructor. The Professor finally said, "I think we can give you \$1500." Gates said nothing but looked at the Professor who became uncomfortable. Finally he said, "I, ah, I think perhaps we can make it \$1800." And in his business this fearless, positive attitude is serving him well; this with his knowledge and ability to speak. It is said that he addresses large audiences speaking extemporaneously, and with the force and facility of a Daniel Webster.

This aggressive quality, which is serving him so well in business, does not keep him from being a good and likeable fellow - and the devoted head of a fine family. His present position is Field Manager - Ohio Poultry Improvement Association.

HARRY (JANUARY 28, 1877 - JUNE 11, 1938)

Four years after Fred was born, I came to plague the earth and four years and eight months thereafter a third son was born who was named Harry William (the latter for Wm. Webb, Aunt Mariah's husband).

Uncle Ed and Aunt Marth came up to call. Mother lay in bed with her new born baby. As the callers were about to leave, Uncle Ed, rubicund and great of girth, came in with a basket to take the baby away. I wept and protested. That is the one thing I remember of the birth of this little fellow who was destined to become so great a man. I remember little about him until he had an accident a few years later. A sharp ax stood against the work bench. Harry, barefooted, sat on the bench, jumped off and cruelly cut the instep of his left foot. Father sewed it up without benefit of doctor or antiseptic.

Harry went to the district school with the rest of us until he was about 15. I had broken away and got off to the Cooperstown High School the year before. The next winter I took Harry with me. There he made good progress. He attended a number of winters, helping on the farm in summer. He graduated, I think, in 1896.

He had decided to be a doctor but he taught school a number of terms, studying very hard on the side before he got away to the Albany Medical College where Dr. Fred had preceded him some years before. In his junior year, he switched to the Cornell Medical College in New York City from which he graduated in 1903.

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He immediately entered into partnership with Dr. Fred at Canajoharie. It was while living here in June, 1903, that he married Sarah Marclay of Hyndsville. They had been married only about 18 months when he lost his lovely, sweet-tempered young wife, an event which filled all of our hearts with profound grief. In 1905 he left Canajoharie for Little Falls.

In this larger town the doctor soon built up a large practice and began doing surgery. The average practitioner did little or no surgery. Patients were sent to the nearest large city. As time went on, he took on more and more of every kind of surgery. During the last 15 or 20 years of his practice, he did practically all of the surgery in his city and the community. He was very skillful and rapid. One time, when I was visiting his home, he took me to the hospital to witness a Caesarian operation. While the nurses were getting the case ready he joked and was as carefree as if he were about to play a game of croquet. After the operation I said, "Doctor, it took you just three minutes to get that child." "Oh" said he, "that was too long."

Many of the poor people came to him who were charged little, and who often paid nothing. He did thousands of dollars worth of charity and he was beloved by the community.

On the 16th of May, 1907, he married Susan Sullender, a young gentle lady from Roanoke, Virginia. They lived in a house not far from the station. Later they acquired a spacious house on John Street facing the park. Here the doctor had his office, and in this fine house and in their summer camp on Lake Caroga they brought up their beloved family. The house and camp were often filled with relatives or the childrens' friends for Sue possessed the traditional southern hospitality. She also possessed great patience and tolerance; she was filled with devotion to her children and her husband, and now lavishes her affection on her grandchildren.

The doctor's great practice kept him going day and night. However, he snatched time to study. He was always looking up something in his medical books and journals.

Dr. Harry had some of the family's ability and skill in the use of tools. He set up a lathe and other power tools in the basement. On his professional calls to the country he would poke around in old sheds and barns in quest of fine seasoned pieces of lumber. He showed me a piece of mahogany large enough to make a table top which he rescued. The owner (who deserved to be shot at sunrise) was about to cut it up into kindling wood. He found time somehow to make a grandfather's clock, to turn bed posts and put together several bedsteads for the children. Later he became interested in collecting rare and unusual colorful stones (when a boy at home he had made such a collection).

He bought a small farm just out of the city. Here he built a little stone house, building his collection into the front wall. This wall also holds a bronze plaque bearing the doctor's name, placed by Florence Sullender, the doctor's sister-in-law, who had made her home with the family. On this place he set out many fruit trees and shrubs. There is a rise of ground some distance to the north; it was his dream to build a house on this high ground with all rooms exposed to the sun (I made him such a preliminary plan). Here he would live when he retired. However, that was not to be. In about 1937 we learned, to our great sorrow, that he was suffering from a dread malady. Although this disease progressed, he kept cheerful and active, working up to within a few days of the end. He wrote me that he was going to see it through and this he did with rare fortitude and courage, without a murmur against this unkindest fate.

There had been no break among the children since the tragic passing of the little girl more than seven decades ago. Now we were to have a double shock for word came from Gary that Hayes lay mortally stricken with sleeping sickness. Hopeless messages came from each brother day by day. Finally word was received, on the night of June 10, 1938, that Hayes had passed. The next morning, seventeen hours later, the doctor followed him out of this veil of tears. Both were taken before their time, in their full physical and mental strength. Hayes was but 58, Dr. Harry 61.

Service was held for the doctor in the morning at his home. The city flag was lowered to half mast. Fifty nurses from the hospital marched in a procession into the house. Hundreds of people stood in the park across from the house. His casket was banked high with flowers. Among the rich and poor there came two priests to pay their last respect to a protestant, and perhaps the city's best beloved and most useful citizen.

That afternoon we held a service for Hayes at Wheeler's house in Canajoharie after which we drove to Roseboom where a commitment service was held in the cemetery. A few days later Dr. Harry's ashes were brought to this spot and interred with loving hands and sad hearts.

Dr. Harry was the tallest of the family. He also marked a transition. Fred and I had the Vickers' red hair and light skin. Harry had the light skin but dark hair. The twins had dark hair and the darker skin. Harry possessed a cheerful disposition, a fine sense of humor, his father's industry and habit of work and his mother's gentleness and love for all mankind.

I think it is just to say he was a humanitarian for he gave unsparingly of his time and talent to the poor of his community. He was most democratic. If dinner chanced to be ready and an old farmer happened to be in his office, he would make him sit down to the table. One time when Mary was a very little girl, he brought to the table an old fellow with very long white hair and beard. Mary was fascinated. She gazed long and hard at the man. Finally she said, "Mister be you Santa Claus?" "No I ain't", answered the old man with a twinkle, "but by gosh I wish I was!"

His generosity and the love and fine feeling which he extended to his fellow man and to all living things were recognized by his community.

I have mentioned above that the school commission would not have picked Fred for a winner. When Harry was a little fellow running about barefoot, if one had said, "That boy will one day become a great surgeon and one of the leading citizens in his town," with what scorn would he have been laughed down!

His immediate family and his brothers were proud of his professional ability. We all loved him and hold sacred his memory for his bright and cheerful companionship, his compassion and his loving gentle heart.

To Dr. and Sue were born four children -

Harry Dan (March 27, 1908)

Frederika (December 3, 1911)

Robert Edward Lee and Mary Adelia (twins) (May 25, 1913)

Dan was a lusty vigorous boy right from the start. One time, when I was terminating a visit with the family, I stood on the veranda saying "goodbye"; "Where is Dan?" inquired his mother. Just then a very small boy sprang from a passing junk wagon and came running up with his shirt stuffed with string which he had salvaged. I think he must have inherited something of his mother's gentleness and his father's compassion. When a very little fellow, his mother brought him to see his grandfather; I happened to be home. Grandfather had a big lusty old sow which lay up against the side of her pen snoring unsonorously, being full of breakfast. I held the boy up to have a look. He reached over and patted the stiff ugly bristles - "Bless his heart", he said. There was doubt, however, as to whether the blessing was appreciated.

When the children were young, Doctor acquired a lot and built a camp house on Caroga Lake. Here the family spent their summers, amphibiously. Dan, with the Vickers' building trait, built a boat and installed an engine. For several years they used it to cruise about the lake towing aquaplanes on which they rode at high speed.

Later Dan, with a companion went up the canal in this boat to Lake Ontario, thence down the St. Lawrence, out into the broad Atlantic, down the coast, thence up the Hudson to Troy, reaching home via the canal - a dangerous trip full of adventure and peril in which they both might well have lost their lives.

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Dan was not only a good student, but at an early age, he had decided what he wanted to do. He entered Colgate at the usual age where he had a royal good time. He did some hoboing and thumbing around the country. One day he turned up hatless at my office. He was beating his way south to attend a football game. It didn't appear to bother him if he was out of cash. However, he saw most of the games without hardship since he was a member of the band. During one of his vacations, he did some special work at Cornell and on graduating at Colgate, entered the Cornell Medical College in New York City where he did well.

After graduation he was an intern two years in the Brooklyn Methodist Hospital. He then took a trip around the world on a freighter, unofficially acting as ship's doctor. He took many photographs with a movie camera. On his return he gave a number of illustrated lectures.

I sat with his father and mother one June day in 1933 at his graduation. When he was handed his sheepskin I prophesied that in ten years Dan would be one of the half dozen men at the top of his class. However, he was not to wait ten years to come to the top. He had already assisted his father in a large number of operations. He immediately joined up with his father. The basement of the house, which stands well up out of the ground, was transformed into a spacious suite of offices for the two doctors. Dr. Dan assisted his father, or rather they practiced medicine and surgery together until Dr. Harry's death; then Dr. Dan, at the age of 30, took over. From then until he volunteered and became a Lieutenant in the Navy, he did more than half of all the surgery in the city and surrounding country.

The following story is an instance of the confidence which his colleagues have in him. About five years ago, the New York Central had a frightful midnight wreck at Little Falls. The doctor was here in New York that day and we had lunch together. He told me he was going home that night. He took the second midnight train; the first was wrecked. I think about 100 passengers were injured, many were killed. The hospital overflowed; many of the injured were taken into private homes. All of the doctors and nurses were commandeered. Dr. Dan was held up down the line. His sister Mary ran down with the car, succeeded in finding him and sped with him back to the hospital. The other doctors had saved all of the fractures for him. He told me that of all the injured, only one person died.

When the war broke out, he volunteered, joining the Navy July, 1942, with the rank of Lieutenant. When we read of a scrap with the Japs on one of the many islands of the vast Pacific we say, "I wonder if Dan was there patching up the poor unfortunate lads who got hurt for their country's sake."

June 7, 1936 Dan married Kathleen Tressing (they were divorced several years later). Their son Lee was born November 8, 1937. Lee is a sprightly, red-headed lad. We shall have to wait a while to see if there shall be a third generation of doctors.

October 11, 1941, Dan married Frances Mae Steele, one of the four beautiful daughters of Mrs. Frank Bailey Steele of Utica. The ceremony took place in the spacious First Presbyterian Church, amid banks of flowers, and was witnessed by hundreds of relatives and friends. A reception was held thereafter in one of the large country clubs. It was an altogether joyous occasion.

As I write this, comes word that the doctor has been promoted to Lieut. Commander - a title he must have earned some time ago for he has spent nearly three years astride the equator in the steaming tropic heat.

Dr. Dan is a tall well built, fine looking man. He resembles both his father and his mother and he possesses their gentleness and good nature. He is well spoken. He never tries to make an impression, never raises his well modulated voice, nor does he speak ill of any one. He told me there were eleven doctors in his town. I asked him how many of them were good. "All of them," he answered. While I doubted the accuracy of his statement, I was glad to know that the green-eyed devil jealousy had no place in his heart. Dr. Harry is gone, but his work goes on in his son, Dr. Dan.

A decade ago up at St. Lawrence, a tall black haired laughing girl distinguished herself in winter sports and took the much coveted prize for being the best natured and comeliest of all the girls that roamed the campus. She had had some ath-

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letic experience for as a little girl she had a horse which she rode like a Comanche, and at the little lake she performed skillfully many aquatic feats. This sprightly girl was called Frederika.

She was born December 3, 1911. As a young girl, although she appeared to laugh her way through life, she was a good student. After finishing high school she entered Skidmore, then switched to St. Lawrence University, from which she graduated in 1935.

May 31, 1937 Frederika married G. Gordon Smith. Their daughter Sue Florence was born October 12, 1938. Little Sue is a child of promise with some of her mother's fine traits.

Frederika became her father's secretary, assisting him in many ways. The doctor appreciated her ability and gave her unstinted praise. Frederika is a tall striking looking girl in the prime of young womanhood. Although competent and efficient, she still has the happy faculty of laughing her way through life.

After Dr. Harry passed, Dr. Dan found he was unable to do all the work. He therefore brought into his office young Dr. Joseph Conrad, who had been a brilliant student in the Albany Medical College. August 26, 1942, Frederika (who was divorced from Gordon) and Dr. Conrad were married. The doctor is now a Captain in the Army serving somewhere in the Pacific.

Two years later, May 25, 1913, the family was rounded out by the birth of twins. Robert Edward Lee and Mary Adelia - twins have been born in the family for three generations. This was an event, for it not only kept up the tradition but we all rejoiced that the family was blessed by the addition of another boy and girl.

Robert grew up tall and slim with his brother's amiable disposition, but perhaps a little less ambition. He spent much time around the camp. When he was young, he, his sisters and their young friends played with the abandon of a litter of puppies. I venture to guess that they will all look back and call this time of life their halcyon days. Robert acquired learning so easily at school that little time was spent studying. He entered Colgate, from which Dan had graduated, but his stay at that institution of learning was short lived. There was to be a football game. Bob and some other freshmen, the night before, believing that the game was as good as won, thought to solemnize this victory prematurely by attempting to remove by stealth, from a nearby cemetery, an ancient tombstone. The celebration, however, was cut short by the untimely appearance of the gendarme. Bob was taken and brought before the stern classic tribunal which thought it wise for him to take a long vacation.

After the matter blew over, he might have returned. However, he had been given a raw deal, so he decided instead to go to the University of Alabama from which he graduated in 1936.

When the war broke out, he volunteered but was rejected because of a slight hearing incapacity. He then acquired knowledge of the precision instruments in airplanes and secured a position with the Bendix Corporation in New Jersey. This concern sends him, by plane, all over the country. He has been abroad - Africa, Italy, France. Before Mrs. Roosevelt took her trip abroad, Bob inspected the plane's instruments.

Bob is tall, blond and slender. Like Dan he is low spoken, sweet-tempered, likeable, easy of manner. It is possible that his knowledge of the precision instruments that guide the plane may also direct his life's work. July 1, 1939, Robert married Priscilla Alden Morris. A son Paul was born May 22, 1941.

Adorable Mary was the darling of the family with a not very strong heart; nor was she strong in arithmetic. The day she passed that stubborn, abstruse, unnecessary subject she took her book home, threw it on the floor and "stamped upon it with all her feet at once". Mary, however, was strong in her love and affection for her family and friends and some of it must have gone outside of the family for "many Jasons came in quest of her". This went on for a number of years with the result that several young men got their hearts broken. Finally came one - John Keller Rugge - tall and fair haired. John must have possessed the right key to the door,

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which hitherto had but opened a crack for it now swung ajar. John also possessed a big fine farm with a blooded dairy and much needed gear. One warm sunny day (August 9, 1942) John married Mary, scooped her up behind him on his white palfrey and took her to his castle high above and to the north of her native city. Here the fastidious Mary cooks, bakes, brews, with an anxious eye for the chickens and livestock. Her friends say that when they drive in, Mary standing in the yard takes one startled look, grabs the ax, races around the house! Hearing the squawking of chickens, they look at each other and say, "chicken dinner". Once a week after work is done, Mary and John walk down to the back pasture to salt the young stock.

October 4, 1944, when the world was all green and gold, young John K. was born, strong and lusty, to gladden the hearts of Mary and John.

Mary is gold throughout for the change from a gay and carefree life agrees with her and has brought her happiness, contentment; and what more does one want in life - except - well - perhaps a little gold. The miracle of her transformation transcends that other Miracle at the Wedding in Cana wherein water was changed into wine.

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HAYES AND WHEELER

The potatoes had been dug, the corn husked and the "pumkins" filled the alleyway in the barn between the two rows of cows, frost was on the ground, for it was November - November 10, 1879 when our family was considerably enlarged by the birth of two boys who were in due time christened Hayes Bowers and Wheeler Conrad (the reader must figure out for himself the politics of the family).

Hayes grew to be fat and stocky. Wheeler thinner and taller. They were bottle babies lying side by side in the old cradle, each armed with a bottle with rubber tube and nipple. Hayes would quickly empty his bottle, fling it aside, reach for Wheeler's bottle, snatch it away and finish off whatever remained. Very soon, however, Wheeler was strong enough to hold his own - his own bottle and other things as well.

The boys grew. They went to the little red school house; later they followed their older brothers to the Cooperstown High School, attending winters. Their schooling was interspersed with school teaching and helping on the farm. After graduating, Wheeler stayed on the farm, teaching school winters with the idea in the back of his head of following his two brothers in the medical profession.

Hayes, as a boy, had shown marked mechanical ability. His older brothers urged him to become a Mechanical Engineer. Unfortunately he had a strong religious leaning which was the cause of his losing several valuable years, for he did not follow our advice but finally got away to the Boston Theological Seminary. Persons who like Cassius "think too much" become dangerous. Those who think too much on religion become mentally warped.

After Hayes had studied theology a year or more, he became convinced that he was on the wrong track and that mechanical engineering was his field. This was a discouraging situation for the boy since his college entrance to this new subject was not clear. He had no money and Father was not inclined to give him assistance. However, Hayes faced it courageously. He made up his entrance and one day found himself enrolled in Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Although this school gave a stiff course, he succeeded in passing his work, earning money the while to help pay his expenses. At last the long four year grind was finished, he left Boston with his sheepskin. He "had fought the good fight".

Soon after graduation, Hayes went to Panama where he worked on the great canal under General Goethals. After staying in that tropical climate for two and one half years, he found that his energy was being sapped, so he resigned and came home.

Hayes next went west in search of work, finally landing at Gary, Indiana where he secured a job in the great U.S. Steel mill. I am proud of Hayes' accomplishments. If I attempted to describe his work in this greatest of mills, I might be accused of exaggeration. I shall therefore introduce a letter written to me from one of the executives of the mill, Mr. F. C. McFarland, who held a position there some years before Hayes entered the service of the company.

LETTER FROM MR. F.C. MCFARLAND TO S.J. VICKERS

December 30, 1943

H. B. Vickers

To the memory of a man who knew his job and did it well - - this statement was with the flowers I sent to his funeral.

I felt at that time, and still feel, it was as great a compliment as I could pay to any man; and anything I write can only be explanatory to this statement.

I want to name four engineers in the order I met them in life and tell why I connect their names. Fritz Schulle - H. B. Vickers - Adolph Thomas and Fred Meier.

It was my very good fortune to have Mr. Schulle as our rolling mill engineer when I took a rolling job, without knowing what either a roller or an engineer should

be. To Schulle goes the credit for setting my standard for engineers. He left Gary in 1925, after I had worked with him about eight years.

He is now with the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and is still a great engineer.

I had little hope of finding any one who could produce in competition with such high class work. However, after much searching, trial and error, Mr. Vickers proved he could live up to the high standards I had set for a real engineer. The rare qualification of being able to seek information from all sources, in high and low places and all points in between, and after all available information was at hand, to sift it through the exceedingly fine sieve of inherited ability, and produce the correct answer.

The other two engineers, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Meier, are men rating high, under these standards. The strange point I wish to bring out is that all these men came out of college within a very few years of each other. But Mr. Vickers was the only one of the four men educated in the United States. The other three were graduated from Politechnicum - Mittweida of Saxony, Germany; probably the stiffest technical engineering course in the world at that time. I always felt it was his bed-rock, natural inherited ability that placed him so high on the rating scale with such men. For many years to come, material here will be made from blueprints made by, and checked by H.B.V.

In speed of making the scheme workable and getting it into a finished print, he was excelled by none. In fact, it made him something of a Lone Wolf, as he needed little help and turned out work in days that would take others weeks, and at no time did he sacrifice accuracy.

He played an important part in developing the roller twist guides in the Steel Industry. Back in 1928, we put on an experiment under his direction - heated a 3-1/2" square bar in a crude coke fire - - it took three men on an eight foot wrench to twist the bar - that was the minimum strength of his roller twist guides. He was the originator of the sliding twist carrier that we now use on all continuous mills. When those first guides were being made in the machine shop, a local Boss received a call, from a high official, asking if the guides were being made the way he wanted them or the way Vickers wanted them. He took a shot in the dark and assured him he couldn't be wrong. When it was turned over to me for investigation, I found they were being made, and were installed the way Vickers wanted them.

I happened to be in the drawing room at noon hour one day - about ten or twelve men were standing watching Vickers and another man playing checkers. I don't know checkers, so cannot tell how it happened, but do know what happened. One after another of those men stepped up to take a licking from Vickers, and they were all handled well within the hour.

I chanced to be voting at the same time and polling place with him, early the November morning in 1932, that our War President was first elected. As we came out on the street he said, "Well that is the first time in my life I voted the straight Democratic Ticket" - I never did get up enough nerve to tell him that I split the ticket.

If and when his life history is put in book form, I would be happy to pay a proportional part to own a copy. To Mrs. Vickers - - The memories of a man respected by all of us. To his Son - - the wish that the Chip always retains the quality of the Block.

F. C. McFarland
Box 355
East Gary
Indiana

After Mr. McFarland's letter there is little for me to relate regarding Hayes' professional ability.

DAN'S FAMILY

On a vacation trip from Panama, Hayes married Miss Leona Taylor of Boston. After securing his position at Gary they established a home there.

A son was born February 19, 1923. I wrote to Hayes suggesting that he be named Fred after our eldest brother but Hayes replied stating he had been named Robert Squire. This boy grew to be the tallest of the clan - 6 feet, 3 inches - "as tall as any man in Illyria." His father planned to have him take an engineering course at Purdue with a post-graduate year at his own alma mater, M.I.T. However, fate and circumstances were to be reckoned with. Hayes passed when the boy was 15. Fortunately Leona was a good manager and the boy had the fortitude of his parents. He worked a paper route while in high school. He got away to Purdue in '41.

I gladly give this namesake a generous hand for his scholastic ability and his industry. He obtained a scholarship; to keep it he had to maintain a high average. He succeeded in retaining it, working in the meantime to help pay expenses. By taking work one summer he was able to crowd the stiff four year course into three, graduating an honor student at the early age of 21.

To his Mother we are glad to give out unstinted praise. It was largely due to her good management and unceasing effort that the boy was able to get through college in record time.

On finishing college, Bob Squire was offered a job in his father's old place - The U. S. Steel Mill. He declined this offer, however, thinking that favoritism might be shown him because of his late father's popularity. He wished to make his own way on his merit. He therefore accepted a position offered him by Standard Oil of Indiana (he is now studying nights at Illinois Tech. for Masters Degree). We shall expect very soon to find a better grade of oil flowing from the plants of that great and flourishing Company in the state of Indiana.

Sometime after Hayes left us, I was moved to write a short biography, or account of his life in which I attempted to give him full credit for his accomplishments, his qualities of heart and mind, and to voice the esteem, the love and the affection in which he was held by our entire family. (See Appendix)

I have said that Wheeler toyed with the idea of becoming a doctor working at home summers and teaching school winters. Presently he became acquainted with a very pretty girl. Ah! how many a career has been changed by a pretty girl! Perhaps he realized that the big farm was getting too much for Father and Mother. Well, whichever way it was, he one day married Miss Ruth Mabie, who was not only pretty but a smart and capable young woman. In 1905 he bought the farm and Father and Mother moved to Roseboom.

Wheeler was a good farmer. He had the knack of getting the work done. Perhaps it was necessity for he had no help except that which he hired and "hired men" were becoming scarce. This was perhaps the main reason why he eventually sold the farm. Scarcity of help threw too great a burden upon him. He was very thin and overworked. He finally had a chance to sell out. In September 1914 he let the old farm go which had been owned by the family since Grandfather's day - eight or nine decades of time.

Wheeler secured a position in Canajoharie; and he purchased from Dr. Fred the house in which he lived while practicing medicine there.

Wheeler perhaps was wise in leaving the farm. His position must have been less strenuous than farming for he soon had the appearance of another man. Although he is no longer young, he moves with a youthful step. He has grown to be a handsome man. If his brothers were all living, I am sure they would all vote him the "Beau Brummell" of the family.

Wheeler has inherited father's humor and ability to mimic - it is amusing to hear him take off some of the characters around the old place. He has good judgment and good habits. He is honest and industrious, likable. These qualities in any man, I believe, constitute a good citizen and such a man is an asset to the community in which he lives. He recently retired having reached the age of 65.

DAN'S FAMILY

A biography ought to cover the entire family. If this were not so, I would stop writing at this place for there is nothing romantic to be said about a dull plodding fellow - such as the second son.

It was on the 18th day of the merry month of May in the year of our Lord 1872 that I brought pain and sorrow to my mother. A handsome young Irishman named Squire Skillen worked for father. He must have had Irish wit and charm which made an appeal to the family for I was christened Squire Joseph. The first for the young Irishman, the second for Uncle Joseph whose life came to such an early tragic end.

Skillen, as I have said, was handsome. He was a fighter and he imbibed hot rebellious liquors. He would have been disappointed in his namesake had he kept up with the family for I have never possessed or affected any of these traits. I had red hair (which in those days was anathema) and large projecting teeth which easily placed me as the ugly duckling of the family. Although I used to box and wrestle, I have never distinguished myself as a fighter. We were brought up to avoid drinking. Since I did not inherit a taste for liquor, it was not difficult for me to obey the parental injunction. Perhaps I have not lost on this last count for I remember Skillen at a 4th of July celebration - when any drinking man had license to get drunk and fight - with face red as the setting sun, sleeves rolled up, moving up with raised clenched fist, daring some other so and so to come out and fight. That is the one and only vision I have of the man whose name I bear.

Well, nothing happened until I was 8 or 9 when father left me in charge of the horses in the 12 acre lot while he went to the barn. The team was hitched to the big land roller (it weighed 1800 lbs.). As father was on his way back, he saw, to his horror, the team back the big roller over me, and saw me crawl out between the roller and the horses' hind feet just in time, for the team moved to the right giving the roller a twist which would have ground me to a pulp. I came out with a broken left wrist, the bone sticking through the skin and my eyes bulging from my temporarily elongated head.

Father hitched old Charley to the buckboard and drove me to Cherry Valley in record time (40 minutes). Young Dr. Merrit, who had just opened an office, set my arm perfectly. Years after I looked at it through Dr. Harry's X-ray. There was no trace of any breakage.

I saw Dr. Merrit years after, when he had become a huge fat man, and undertook to praise him for his skill but he wasn't interested. It was this same doctor who took a boy to Little Falls to have his arm X-rayed on Dr. Harry's machine. The boy had hurt his arm and there was question as to whether it was broken. Dr. Harry first took a picture showing but one bone (the second bone concealed behind the first) It showed no fracture. Said Dr. Merrit in authoritative measured tone, "George, I told you your arm was not broken." "Now," said Dr. Harry, "we will take one showing both bones." This picture showed the second bone broken. Dr. Merrit took a look, then he took hold of the boy's arm and placing his finger on the spot with the broken bone beneath, and engaging him with a severe eye said, "George, I told you if your arm was broke, it was right in this spot."

I grew the same as the other boys in the neighborhood, and ran around barefoot in the summer. Mother insisted that we wash our feet before going to bed. We thought it unnecessary. We sometimes compromised by running through the wet grass. When we were little boys we wore copper-toed leather boots, but when we were a little bigger, Fred and I used to go crosslots over to Middlefield Center to be measured each for a pair of boots. Dan Keller made the boots. He liked to joke. One time I had an old knife. He offered to swap "unsight unseen". I took him up and like a flash he snatched an old caseknife from the rack on his bench. The laugh was on me.

He had a little land, kept a cow or two and a horse. At haying time he would hire a couple of boys to help him. At the table a loaf of bread and a sharp knife were placed near his plate. He would cut the bread for all hands. When it was eaten, he would grasp the loaf and big knife and with a glint in his eye, look from one to the other, "Boys, you want some more? By the Gods I'll cut it for you!" He would set the boys hoeing corn. "Now boys don't hurry but work just as fast as you can!" The next week we would walk over again and get the boots.

When we were small, Christmas was a great day. The families took turns in entertaining. There would be a great turkey dinner, checker playing, etc. After dinner, all of the men would go to the barn to shoot the rifle. I have a mental picture of huge Uncle Ed down on one knee taking careful aim over the wheelbarrow. We used to hang our stockings. We didn't get much that was valuable, but there would always be something for us. One morning we slid downstairs very early and Fred pulled a silver watch from his stocking. He was 14 and I was 10. Well, to us a watch and a gun were the prize possessions. I somehow got it into my head that I would get a watch the next year and I counted the days that I must wait. When that morning eventually came around, I was downstairs ahead of everybody. I emptied my stocking, there was no watch! No one knew the deep disappointment for I couldn't talk about it. Well, I thought, surely I would get it the next year; and again disappointment. Finally I reached the age of 17 and no watch. I was getting used to it. Since Fred was in college someone conceived the idea of giving him a gold watch, and giving me his old silver one. By this time I didn't care whether I had one or not so I took the old watch. I think it finally must have dawned on Father that I had got a raw deal for about three years later, he bought me a gold watch (but he didn't let me select it) which I still carry. This disappointment which hung over me for several years was partly my fault because I didn't let out a yell. I advise any future little Vickers who may chance to read this to do just that when he wants something very much.

We worked in the field as soon as, or a little before, we were large enough, helped milk and do the chores. I remember when I was 13, I kept up with the hired man all day. In the winter we went to school, helped with the chores and "rode down hill" when the snow was right. We had "schooners". A runner of wood about 2'6" long and 3" wide turned up on the front end and shod by the blacksmith. An upright was framed into the runner to which was nailed a seat. We sat on the seat, held on to the ends and balanced ourselves with our feet in the air. They ran very fast. At school, a whole fleet of us used to ride madly noons and recesses. Father made Fred and me each a large sled which he painted red, and had them shod at the blacksmith shop. They were fine pieces of workmanship.

I did not take school seriously until I was 17. That winter we had a good teacher. I took work home and worked hard. The next winter I managed to get away to Cooperstown. I entered highschool, full grown, about the time I should have been graduating. However, there were many other big fellows my age or older who came in winters from the surrounding country. The next winter I returned taking Harry with me.

The following year father informed me that he would not send me to school again although I had worked hard all summer from earliest morn until night, through the hottest weather. He would never have missed the few dollars it would have cost. As I regard it now, that would have been one of the times to organize a sit-down strike and I can see how easily the situation could have been handled. However, I did not see it then. I was used to obeying the parental mandates.

I had already secretly decided that I would study architecture. I have been asked how I made this decision since I had never seen an architect. They did not exist except in the big cities. I was always at a loss to know. There is, however, one clue. The Sylvester Barnum family lived near Middlefield Center. Two of the daughters living home were gentle ladies, much older than I and more sophisticated than their neighbors. Miss Vernie Barnum came to our house one time and saw a drawing I had made. Said she, "You ought to become an architect. You could make a fortune." That may have been the germ that caught me. Incidentally, I have since learned that "Architecture" and "Fortune" are not synonomous. I guarded my ambition knowing that I would be laughed at. Father cornered me one day and insisted on knowing what I was after (he had noticed that I studied every minute I had a chance and took books to the table). I finally blurted out that I wanted to be an architect. "An architect!" said he in astonishment. "That takes a man with ability!" Although his reply was neither flattering nor encouraging, I have since found that he was right.

I did not know how one became an architect. I had noticed an advertisement in a paper of an architect in Tennessee named Barber. I surreptitiously wrote him a letter asking him for this information. He answered me stating that one took a college course in architecture. Sometime thereafter I decided that I would go to Cornell. I stuck to this decision although I was offered a scholarship at Syracuse University.

DAN'S FAMILY

Well, since I couldn't go to school, I decided to try to earn a little money for I was determined to go to college. I tried a teacher's examination and received a certificate to teach. I then made an application for the Stanley School, two miles to the north of our place. This was a mistake for it had the reputation of being a tough school. I was soon to find out that this was true for I was accepted. There were among the pupils several grown girls and some big strapping fellows (one or two of which towered over me a full head). I was totally inexperienced in teaching or in discipline. While I stuck it out to the end, teaching and keeping as good order as I knew how, I have always looked back on that wretched winter with deep ignominy and humiliation. A year or two later I taught in our own district with, I think, fair success.

Father used to say to Mother when we were small that he was going to give us a first class education. Several winters, after our district school was out, the Hubble Hollow school had a couple of weeks to run. Father arranged for us to top out the scholastic year in that school and we obediently but reluctantly carried out his plan. Perhaps he thought that this was a gesture toward keeping his promise about the "first class education".

In 1890, Dr. Fred got off to the Albany Medical College. Father raised no objection and saw him through financially. Although the expense of the 3 year course was light, probably not more than \$600 (Dr. Harry told me Dan's education probably cost him \$25,000) Father made the remark that he, Fred, was the last medical man he would put through college.

Well, the outlook for me looked black for I would have to spend as much time in high school to meet entrance requirements as Dr. Fred had spent in college. The course in architecture was four years, and tuition and other expenses were much higher than in Dr. Fred's medical course. I therefore decided that if Father would not help me, I would leave home and try to earn more money (probably work at the carpenter's trade). The next spring, after the teaching experience, I would be 21. On that day in May I was plowing hops on the Morton farm. Father, who was suffering from an infected hand, came over there. I stopped the team and put it up to him (I don't see now why I should have waited to become of age). I told him that unless he would help me through college I would leave home and find some other work. Perhaps he didn't want to lose a good man with all of the work of the two farms in sight, or perhaps he thought there was some slight justice in my argument. Just how his mind was working, I do not know; however, he weakened and promised me \$25. a month (the same as the hired man was getting) if I would stay home that summer.

I had won the first skirmish, but a long battle was ahead. I had to go a couple of more winters to high school before graduation. Then I found I would have to take another six months post-graduate to clear my college entrance. This delay was a heartbreaking experience. It may not interest anyone, but it is doubtless the experience of hundreds of young fellows with slender means and little parental sympathy who have set their hearts on going to college and find the going hard. When I finally got to college, I found men there with no money. One chap rode a bicycle to Ithaca from the middle west and he got along somehow without buying books. Another fellow from Chicago, with a smiling ruddy face and no money, wished to take the veterinary course but was obliged to take agriculture because that course was free from tuition.

COLLEGE

I must explain that I had a most exalted idea of a college education. None of the boys in our neighborhood (save Fred and Frank Neal who attended the Cherry Valley Academy one term) had gone further than the district school and most of them had not acquired even what could be taught in the "little red schoolhouse". To graduate from high school where language, mathematics and many other subjects were required seemed to me quite a jump, but to then go four years to a great University ought to exalt a man to the 7th heaven of erudition!

When I landed in Ithaca and found myself in a boarding house on Huestis street I was in for a shock. From my bedroom window at night I could observe four fellows in the adjoining house playing poker in a room blue with smoke. When I arose in the morning they were still playing.

Sunday mornings the most eminent divines in the country conducted service at the Chapel. Many of the men slept until noon, then slipping on breeches and old sweaters went to dinner, then they bought the Sunday papers, went back to their rooms and discussed and argued football and baseball all of the afternoon and half the night. Some of these fellows got drunk when a game was won, swore, smoked, chewed, but never went to Chapel, to a University lecture, read a poem or a choice bit of literature or made any effort to gain a little of that culture with which a college man was supposed to be endowed. Then I found there were plenty of young fellows who spent more time looking for cinch courses than studying. In those first few weeks I discovered that a college man could be a pretty ordinary kind of fellow.

I also had an exalted idea of a college professor. I found a few who came up to this high ideal but the majority of them were inferior teachers to Mr. Johnson, our high school principal who had only a normal school education.

There were some amusing incidents. Professor Carpenter, author of a book on heating, had a practice in the city but came on the Hill a couple of times a week to teach us heating. He gave us the practical problem of laying out heating plans for houses we had designed. In following the rules he laid down, I found I had very large registers. Said I, "Professor Carpenter, I have applied the information you have taught us, but see these big registers. I am sure they are too large." "Mr. Vickers", he said regarding me solemnly, "if I were you I would reduce them by about 50%." Heating, it appeared, was not an exact science.

Professor Wait, of "Oliver, Wait and Jones" fame was a very big fat man. A witty Irish chap said to me with a straight face, "Prof. Wait is very thick." "He is?" "Yes", he replied "about 4 feet". From our class room on the second floor of Morrell, we could see him coming down across the campus. One morning he wheezed up the stairs, made directly for the blackboard and wrote the longest equation that God ever permitted a professor to perpetrate, and it came out correct (he had just looked it up). We gazed at it, and at him, with open-mouthed astonishment. Finally one of the boys said, "Professor Wait, how did you know it was going to come out that way?" He looked at the fellow benignly, then in a kindly, encouraging, confidential tone of voice he said, "Mr. Young, when you have done two or three hundred of them, you will - will feel it." Most of us somehow managed to pass the course, but none of us reached that stage of familiarity with that difficult, abstruse subject.

To arrive in college should have been a red letter day after all of the hardships and anxiety. However, I was not especially exalted for the misgiving had not ended. I had chosen a profession which called for special talent and superior mental endowment. How could a poor country boy with a slow working mind be sure he could meet these requirements? Then there was the financial burden. The four years stretched ahead a long way. When I had finished a term, I could not see that I was any nearer being an architect than when I began. Indeed it was not until my junior year that I felt I was getting somewhere. It was about this time that I received a State Scholarship which relieved me of tuition and in my senior year I worked on the side for Mr. Wood, a downtown architect and earned a little money and I got some kind of work each vacation.

When I finished my junior year I went to New York City looking for work as a draughtsman with \$10. in my pants' pocket. At Cornell, a few weeks before, I met the Rev. Dr. Judson of the Baptist Judson Memorial Church on Washington Square. He said, "I know some architects. When you come to New York, come and see me; perhaps I can assist you." On landing in the city I went around to the church and asked to see the Doctor. I was told I could not see him. I went around again with the same result. I pounded the sidewalks from the Battery to Harlem for days, visiting every architectural office in the city and finding it a grueling and discouraging experience as my slender stock of money dwindled.

The fact that the well-known Divine let me down did not endear him to me. This incident however, was less surprising when I later heard of the questionable means he employed in raising funds for his church. When I heard sometime later that both he and his wife had died suddenly somewhat before their time, it occurred to me that uncharitable persons might see in their passing a slight parallel with the Biblical incident recorded in Acts of the sudden passing of Ananias and Sapphira.

However, I finally got a job which paid my way and gave me a little experience.

DAN'S FAMILY

ARCHITECTURE

I had just graduated in June, 1900, when a letter came from Herbert Dole of the firm of Copeland & Dole in New York offering me a job at \$10. per week. I had worked with Dole at Cornell where he was doing graduate design.

Soon I was back in New York working on a big country house to be built for Mr. James B. Haggin on his Elmendorf estate near Lexington, Kentucky. In the fall, I was sent to Kentucky to superintend the construction of this house.

While there, a number of amusing incidents occurred. Mr. Haggin was a very old gentleman who had married his first wife's niece. Since this stately limestone edifice with its columnar portico was by far the most ambitious and costly house ever perpetrated in this community, hundreds of people drove to Elmendorf to look it over and it often fell to me to show the visitors around during construction.

One day a party containing a mannish looking middle-aged woman alighted. This lady paced up and down in front of the house. Finally she plumped down on a bench, "Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Ah - how old is Mr. Haggin?" "Why, I don't know," I replied, "I suppose about 80." "Eighty! and how old is Mrs. Haggin?" "Why she is young, perhaps about 30." The lady drew a long breath charged with astonishment. "Eighty and thirty! Well, I'd rather have a little less house!"

The old gentleman used to sit on the back veranda hot days, and if I were within hailing distance he would call, "Vickers, come over here." I don't think he was attached to me, but he didn't like to sit alone. One morning, when Mrs. Haggin was shooting a little gun down by the stable, the butler appeared. "Mr. Haggin, some ladies have arrived. They wish to see Mrs. Haggin." In his measured authoritative tone he said, "Tell them she is shooting." "Yes sir, thank you, sir." "Oh Jenkins - Jenkins," he called after the receding man. "Yes sir." "Tell them she's shooting for a prize. You might as well tell them that as anything."

In the fall of 1901, I took a trip home to marry Mary Shimeall, a Coopers-town girl whom I had met in high school. She had graduated a year earlier than I and having musical ability wished to take a course in music at Syracuse University. Since the family didn't have sufficient funds, she became a teacher. I took her back to Kentucky, and there April 10, 1903, Ruth Adelia was born.

Soon thereafter I returned to New York. Since work in the firm's office was slack, I passed a Civil Service examination and was appointed draughtsman in the Brooklyn Board of Education. After a time I was placed in charge of the draughting room and did all of the design. Since my salary was not large I secured the position of teacher of architecture in the Evening High School. Between the two jobs, for the first time in my life, I was earning a good salary. I stayed with the Board two years and four months.

Early in 1906 I passed an examination held to secure Designers for the Rapid Transit Commission. From this list I was one of three men chosen. Since the salary offered was a good jump over that which the Board of Education was paying me, I accepted it and on April 1, 1906 went to the new office which was shortly after superseded by the Public Service Commission appointed by Governor Hughes.

In this new office Mr. Daniel L. Turner was my superior. He advised that within six months he would select one of the three designers he had taken on to head the department of architecture. I was fortunate enough to be his choice. I therefore became head of the Department with a raise of \$700. Later I was given the unusual title of "Designing Architect", and still later "Designing" was dropped from my title and I became Architect for this, and succeeding Boards until my resignation May 31, 1942.

The old Rapid Transit Board had already built Contract #1 - that is, the line which ran up Lafayette Street and 4th Avenue to Grand Central, across 42nd Street to Times Square, thence up Broadway. Contract #2, which continued from Brooklyn Bridge down Park Row, thence down Broadway, under the river and under Fulton Street in Brooklyn as far as the Atlantic Avenue station of the Long Island R.R. was under construction. From that time on we designed in my office all of the subway and ele-

vated stations (except a few elevated stations built by B.M.T.) which now comprises the City's great subway system.

At first my office was small but it gradually increased until about 10 years later, when the Dual System was constructed, it became a large office and we worked at white heat for several years. After this work was completed there was a lull in activity until we undertook the construction of the great Independent Subway System. Then again we had a period of feverish activity which lasted over a long period of years. There were, I think, more than 1000 engineers in the Chief Engineer's office and 5 or 6 large field forces supervising construction, and my office became correspondingly larger. By this time I had capable assistant architects and 8 or 10 able squad bosses and I had learned to delegate the work, otherwise I could not have kept up with the procession.

The work consisted of designing and detailing subway and elevated stations and all of the buildings and compartments for maintenance connected therewith. We built several large yards made up of many buildings which ran into many millions of dollars. We also designed many power houses and underground rectifier stations and many other buildings incidental to the construction of the great system.

In my latter years with the Board, I designed a great office building to be built in Brooklyn to house our force. The project however, was finally turned over to a private firm of architects. This \$3,000,000 job was at the last minute abandoned because it was thought that the city's financial condition could not stand the strain.

I had built a small house on the rugged terraces of a plot of ground I had purchased in Grand View on Hudson. Hither we moved from Brooklyn in June, 1909. I made this move because my wife, Mary, was in ill health. Her condition however did not improve. February 19, 1913, when our daughter Ruth was but nine, this faithful, devoted wife and mother departed, years before her time.

In the spring of 1934, due to a financial crisis, many of the Board's employees were laid off, other retired. Some of the big offices were reduced to a few men. My own office was cut down to 9 men (about one tenth of its full strength). I was out of the office for three years and five months.

My wife, Edith, unable to stand the rigorous winters here had, for several winters, gone to warmer climes. In the fall of '34 we went to Mexico. In the fanciful, up and down, cobbled town of Taxco, 100 miles south of Mexico City, we rented a house with studio. There I painted and carved (from the soft zampantle wood) grotesque faces (I had been painting as an avocation for many years).

There we met the famous portrait painter, Wayman Adams, and his charming wife. They had come hither with a class of 22 to study portraiture. Mr. Adams secured the ancient Borda Palace. He used to give a demonstration in painting every week end. We had the opportunity of seeing him paint a number of fine pictures. One week he painted a man with his donkey for several days in the patio of the old Borda Palace. During the last day, Frank Fiore and I had an animated discussion as to which party owned the considerable pile of manure on the floor. Frank held that it belonged to the painter, but I championed the poor peon. It is always well to take the part of the under dog.

The winter of '35 - '36 we spent in Nassau where we enjoyed the soft salubrious climate, the bathing, the exquisite color of sky and sea and the colorful market where the natives displayed their handiwork and their catch from the sea. Here was abundant painting material. I did seascapes, and a number of natives sat for portraits. I also carved several heads from native mahogany.

While there I met Jack and Mollie Lothian who were living on their 58 foot two-masted schooner in the bay. The Catholic Bishop Bernard of the Priory at Nassau had persuaded Jack to go to the primitive isle of Andros, a day's sail to the southwest to assist in the building of a church, and I persuaded Jack to take me along. We got off late one night, Capt. Jack, Father Cornelius, four black boys as crew, and myself - got off on the wrong foot; for out of the shelter of the bay we encountered a gale which violently rocked the boat in both directions, and presently ripped the big sail to smithereens. We turned about and at daylight I astonished Edith by turning up wet and bedraggled when she thought I was far away to the south. In a couple of

days we made a second try reaching the island without mishap. We went far down the island to Little Creek where the church was under construction. I shall not forget the dark Sunday night we stumbled down the rough road to the house where a service was being held. We quietly edged through a little hall to the room where the people were assembled. There in the corner knelt the aged priest before an improvised altar lighted by a single lamp, leading his people - scarce visible dusky forms - in prayer.

Father Gabriel took us back up the road to a little stone, thatched-roofed house, used when a death occurred as a mortuary chapel. There we slept on the cement floor, or tried to sleep.

There is a story in that trip (which I wrote but could not sell for lack of good photos) but this is not the place to tell it - the trip up Little Creek; the bar-becue at the end of the job; the near loss of the boat on a reef, are a few of the high spots. I made a fast friend in Father Gabriel who was deeply religious and as orthodox as was I when a boy. I called attention to the paradoxical state in which I found myself by telling him the story of the Irishman who said, "Ha! they are payin' me four dollars a day to help pull down a protestant church," and said I, "I, a protestant, if not a heretic, am giving my services free to help build a Catholic Church."

He asked me to paint an altar piece, using for subject the sacrifice of sixteen black boys in Africa who were burned to death in a lime kiln rather than recant their faith. I started work on the picture when I returned home, and finished it in Guadeloupe where I was able to get colored boys for models. The good Father said I would be recorded in the Church records for this work. 1943 I painted a portrait of Father Gabriel (from a small snapshot), which I sent to Nassau. It was presented to him by the Bishop at the Priory in February 1944, when his 50 years of service was celebrated. I received letters of thanks from both Father Gabriel and the Bishop.

Although the Father was a devout man and no longer young and lusty, I am persuaded that his religious cloak could not entirely blot out one of the primeval instincts. A young couple lived on a small yacht near by. They walked in one day in their bathing suits. While there, a sudden thunder storm drove us all into the Father's little house. The beautiful young blond, nearly nude, reclined on the Father's narrow cot, and we men perched on boxes and kegs. Next morning after Mass he came over for breakfast. As I was serving him I noticed he was preoccupied. "What is the matter Father?" I inquired. "You know," he said, "I couldn't sleep last night." I asked what was troubling him. He smiled rather shamefacedly, "Why", he said "I was thinking of that nude girl lying on my bed." He is still offering up petitions for the safety, if not the redemption, of my unworthy soul.

Our boat was anchored in one of the finest fishing places in the world (a boat, carrying President Roosevelt on one of his fishing trips, was anchored hard by our lesser craft). Yet I was unable to catch anything. One day I was out with a black boy, called Laurence. Said I, "Laurence, why is it that you catch all of the fish?" Replied Laurence in high pitched voice, "Ah suppose, suh, it is because ah am smarter than you." He was right. No university had forced a sheepskin into his unwilling dark brown hand, yet when it came to fishing, swimming, the handling of a boat, the knowledge of the sea, Laurence and all of the other men and boys of the villages that fringed the eastern shore of that elongate flat tropical isle took the palm.

The fall of '36 we took the West Indies trip to South America, stopping at many of the islands. On our return we stopped off at Guadeloupe where we stayed for the winter. We lived at a country hotel about 8 miles from the capitol. There was a 4000 foot volcano at our north back door, and there were natural hot baths which we took every day.

Ship-loads of tourists sometimes descended upon the hotel for dinner. If it were known ahead of time a group of native girls would be brought in as waitresses. Sometimes these girls would borrow from the older women their gowns with voluminous flowered skirts which hook up on one side to display elaborate hand-made petticoats. Several of these girls and the hostess posed for me for portraits, and I have a life size bust of the young cook, carved from a large block of very hard mahogany.

DAN'S FAMILY

I mentioned above a volcano. On our way down we met Prof. Perret, the volcano specialist. We gave him a little party the night before we landed at Martinique, when he told us the following Scotch story: "On the trine up from Lunnon' a lidy fainted. Sandy sprang up and strode down the aisle, 'Has ony mon a flask on his hip? A lidy has fainted!' Finally a man painfully produced a bottle; Sandy, standing legs spread apart, took a long pull, then handed back the depleted flask. 'Thanks ver' kindly,' said he with deep emotion. 'I always like to tike a little nip whenever I see a lidy faint!'"

Next morning early we motored over the tortuous mountain road from Fort-de-France to St. Pierre - once the gayest city of all the Lesser Antilles. May 8, 1902 Mt. Pelee erupted snuffing out the entire city as one snuffs a candle. Here Prof. Perret, with funds furnished by kind friends, built a small museum in which he had placed the sad reminders of the city which once housed 30,000 gay and happy people.

EDITH BROWNELL VICKERS (SEPTEMBER 21, 1872 - OCTOBER 6, 1939)

Edith Brownell and I were married July 27, 1920. She was born in Toledo, Ohio. When a young girl the family moved to Atlanta, Georgia, where she grew to young womanhood. She attended the University of Chicago for 5 years fitting herself for a literary career. She secured a position with the Washington Post, and when Nicholas Longworth and Alice Roosevelt went abroad on their honeymoon, the paper sent her along to write a daily letter. These syndicated letters appeared in many papers all over the country. Later she came to New York and edited the womens' section of the New York Sun, and thereafter the Sunday supplement of the New York Press. At one time she was affiliated with the Christian Science Monitor.

The year before we were married she managed the publicity campaign for the Y.W.C.A. to raise \$1,000,000. Edith possessed an imaginative mind and a fine sense of humor. She could see a story in a small incident. She sometimes reviewed books, and would often pinch-hit for the newspaper's dramatic critic. She also had the power of expression. This story is told of her. She was invited to speak with several other newspaper women before a group of college girls with journalistic ambition. She had written her address carefully. However, when she began to read she suddenly became inspired, and flinging aside her notes she launched into a fiery extemporaneous oration which, at the finish, brought her a vigorous round of applause. It also brought down upon her the jealous rage and fury of the other speakers. One of them turning upon her with sparks flying from her eyes, uttered her one comment, "Sweet!"

She was active in the civic life of Nyack. She was a member of the Nyack Garden Club, the Dramatic Club, and a trustee and Vice President of the Nyack Public Library. She was also a member of the Womens' Press Club of New York City.

The hard and exacting editorial work was often beyond her strength.

The year we were in Mexico she showed signs of slowing up, and during the next five years she steadily lost ground. On the evening of the 6th of October, 1939, after we had lived in harmony for nearly two decades, when the trees formed a canopy of red and green and gold there was the beating of angel's wings.

RUTH ADELIA VICKERS (APRIL 10, 1903 -)

As I have mentioned above, my daughter, Ruth Adelia, was born during our stay in Lexington, Kentucky.

She graduated from the Piermont High School and entered Teachers' College, Columbia University the same year. She took all the art work the course would permit, and when she could get no more in that field, she left the college at the end of her junior year to enter the studio of Norman Bel Geddes. Here she studied stage design and worked on the large wooden model of the "Miracle".

For the next 8 or 10 years she had the following experiences connected with the theatre:

DAN'S FAMILY

Stage manager and assistant in workshop of Neighborhood Playhouse.

Made working drawings and stage models for Robert Edmond Jones and Aline Bernstein.

Designed settings and costumes for "Madam Butterfly" for the Opera Players.

Collaborated with Cleon Throckmorton designing settings for "Women".

Designed settings and costumes for the London Theater Company's production of "Fire", going to London to superintend the execution of the designs.

She had a year of travel abroad studying art, visiting galleries and painting (1929-30).

She was counselor five summers at Camp Hanoum, Vermont, where she taught the children the art of making marionettes and other art work, and assisted with a pageant.

She taught history of art six years at St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, and three years at Spence School, New York City, from 1933 to 1943.

She then decided to give up teaching for war work. In the fall of 1943 she took a position with Transfilm which is concerned with the making of slide films for the Navy.

She has done some painting, but prefers sculpture. She has been interested for years in puppets and marionettes. It would not, perhaps be in taste for her father to praise too highly her abilities and attainments. I think I am warranted in stating that she is a good critic of painting and sculpture, and has a fine appreciation of art, literature and the stage. She has many friends, and she is known to most of the cousins herein mentioned. I shall leave it to them to judge of her other qualities of mind and heart.

I returned to the Board of Transportation September, 1937. Just as the great subway system was being finished I retired, May 31, 1942, for I had reached the retirement age.

Since that day (and for many years before) I have worked our small farm, making a speciality of raising large contented looking pumpkins that I may furnish forth the form and substance of a jack-o-lantern to each of the small boys and girls of the neighborhood. I have it on good authority that this is a wholesome occupation.

* * * * *

"After which this good Mussulman's two daughters perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss and Martin. 'You must have a vast and magnificent estate?' said Candide to the Turk. 'I have only twenty acres,' replied the Turk. 'I cultivate them with my children; and work keeps at bay three great evils: boredom, vice and need.' Said Candide to Pangloss and Martin, 'That good old man seems to have chosen an existence preferable by far to that of the six kings - - '

'Exalted rank,' said Pangloss, 'is very dangerous, according to the testimony of all philosophers - - you know in what manner died - - Mary Stuart, Charles I, and the three Henrys of France - - ' 'I also know,' said Candide, 'that we should cultivate our gardens.'

'Let us work without theorizing,' said Martin, 'tis the only way to make life endurable.' Said Pangloss, 'All events are linked up in this best of all possible worlds' - - 'Tis well said,' replied Candide, 'but we must cultivate our gardens'."

THE END

APPENDIX A

GEORGE VICKERS
1859-1933

One night my friend and I dined in the Tavern. The room had the appearance of age. There were rough walls and hand hewn beams. The waiter had given us a stall and served us a good dinner. We lingered on and as we exchanged stories my friend rolled innumerable cigarettes. I told my friend of some of the quaint characters back in my home town to which he gave a keen ear for he has the art of listening well.

How these yarns worked around to my cousin George, I do not know. Perhaps it was a feat of strength that brought him to mind - for George is a stout fellow. However it was, I found myself talking about him. We lived on the hill when we were small boys and Uncle Ed (George's father, a huge good-natured, red-faced man) lived down on the creek. My brother and I used to go down to Uncle Ed's and George - already grown, would dig a can of worms, get the fishpoles from behind the house, shoulder his double-barrelled shot gun and take us down the creek, every turn of which he knew - the deep pools where the suckers lay, and the mud flats where the bull-heads hid.

I can see him now (60 years later) lying flat on the bank, peering with sharp eye into the bottom of a shady pool to see what might be hiding there. Such a day spent with George was as near Heaven as one may ever hope to approach.

When the tobacco smoke lifted I found my friend watching me closely. "You said he was strong; was he a large man?" Then I told him that George was then a thin fellow, who never stood up straight and who actually looked small beside his father, but on careful appraisal one noticed he was big-boned with large hands and wrists - big enough, his opponents always discerned. I told him this incident -

My father was administrator of Uncle Ed's estate. This business took him one day down to Charleston Four Corners. He found George at one of the neighbors helping to thresh. While there a big man turned up looking for trouble. In his rage he towered high above George, who stood his ground with shoulders characteristically hunched. "I'll thrash hell out of you!" he shouted, shaking his big fist. "Come on!" said George. The man ripped off his coat and sprang in. George plunged his hard fist between the man's legs, lifted him from his feet and flapped him squarely in the middle of a large puddle of mud. - - - When the fight was fully consummated the big man was carried home where he kept his bed during the next two weeks.

"The big man made an error in judgment," said my friend, smiling through his eyes.

"Yes", I answered, "George had a native strength, courage and endurance that was astonishing." Then I told him how he would work all day and then spend half the night down at the creek, fishing in summer or in winter looking through his traps; how we went with him spearing; we were too small to go in the water so we ran along the bank while George walked up the creek, sometimes stepping up to his neck, carrying the big light of oiled rags in a wire net on the end of a pole in his left hand and his 8-pointed spear in his right. Over his shoulder he hung a knapsack for the fish or lacking this he would open up his shirt-front and slip the fish inside his shirt.

"From your account, I gather he was not fastidious," said my friend slyly.

Then I told him of the time he jumped in the creek fully dressed to show us how he could swim and without changing, climbed into the wagon and rode home with us a distance of 3 miles; and of his disregard of the elements. He used to take his gun and go up across, over the hills and through the woods on bitter cold days arriving at our place wearing an old coat but no vest. Once father said to him, "George, don't you get cold?" "No, when the wind blows hard I button up my coat." He would always make such an answer, with an engaging, good-natured laugh.

"It is a tribute to your cousin that you remember him so kindly after all of these years," said my friend.

"We were very fond of him," I said, "We valued his opinion enormously as to whether we should use buck shot or double b's for woodchucks. "I have forgotten many valuable precepts gleaned from books written by famous authors, but I remember as a little

APPENDIX A

shaver being down in the basement where the sheep were stabled. Across the stable stood the huge old ram. He had two remarkable spiral horns and an agate eye. 'Look out! Look out!' shouted George as the old fellow lowered his head. George held out his leg and as I rushed in behind him, the old ram charged and George's great leather boot took the shock."

Then I told him the fox story which happened when George was a boy.

One time my father walked "down across to Uncle Ed's". George was not around. He was somewhere on the hill, it was thought. On his way home hearing a cry he listened. It sounded as if someone was in distress. Father made in the direction of the cry as fast as he could go. Presently he came out into a small opening where lay a large hollow log. At its end lay George with his legs crammed in the end of the log. He had seen a fox which appeared to be tired so he gave chase. The fox took refuge in the log and George, determined that it should not escape, blocked up the only exit from the log with his feet and then shouted for help. Presently a hunter appeared and by the aid of ax and gun reynard was overpowered.

George always brought his double-barrelled gun when he came to see us. I could go now, after more than six decades, to the very spot in the fence in between the "Wiggley Lot" between meadow and pasture where George shot a red squirrel. I can see him standing in the sabbush gazing up into a tree where he had taken a shot at, perhaps, a cuckoo or a jay and the bird had failed to fall.

One time he brought two of his sisters up to our house with "Old Jack" - a tough bony, untamable old bay horse. When he drove out of the barn, Jack bolted straight for the stone wall and on reaching it stood up on his hind legs; then fell backward, breaking both of the thills. George, nothing daunted, hooked old Jack to our buckboard and drove off. He had a stout heart. He also had good habits. Although the boys in his neighborhood were a rough lot, he did not drink nor use tobacco nor was he profane.

Now word comes from my brother Dr. Harry that George died December 19, 1933 of a heart condition. "Since the loss of his wife," he writes, "George grew thin and failed, yet insisted on working up to the last. Wheeler and I placed some flowers on his bier. We laid him beside his wife at Salisbury Corners. He would have been 75 in June. George in many ways was a remarkable man. He was ambitious and a very hard worked."

The Doctor relates this incident which illustrates his nerve and lack of fear.

"One night at Cherry Valley some tough fellows surrounded George with violent intent. He backed up against a convenient fence, tore off a picket and said "Come on!" Those rash lads were never so wise as in their instant decision to move on peaceably up the street.

Finally the Doctor pays George this last graceful tribute! "I doubt if any of the Vickers, in daring, in energy and endurance, in ability to rough it and in vitality, have been the equal to George. Certainly there were none in his day or generation."

And now comes a letter from my brother Wheeler telling of his sorrow for the passing of George. He too pays a touching tribute to his courage, fortitude and his unfailing good nature. He tells of George's prowess as a coon hunter which illustrates his endurance and reckless daring: "He would start out on Sunday, after working all week, and tramp through the woods marking coon trees. When the season opened, he would start out again, never forgetting a marked tree. Some of the trees were very big with no lower limbs. When he came to such a tree he would climb a nearby smaller tree, tie a rope near its top then swig off like a pendulum, clutch the big tree and climb up to the hole where the coveted animals had their home. He carried a stick with a hook with which he would hook up an animal, then dispatched it and dropped it to the ground. He was known to lug home as many as 8 coons on a single trip. He took these hazardous trips almost up to his last days."

"What a frontiersman he would have made!" Wheeler continued - "He would not have lost his way, nor his nerve, nor would he have turned back. He would have been another Daniel Boone."

APPENDIX A

"Poor George ! Although he had no education nor social advantages, he always lived honorably and had lots of friends. I hope he fares better where he has gone in this hard world."

I met my friend again today and told him how the passing of George had touched us all. "I should like to have known your cousin," he said. "He was elemental."

"Yes, he was," I said, "He was unschooled and without any conscious code of morals, philosophy, or religion; probably he was incapable of learning much from books. A scholar would say the Gods had not given him a great intellect. Nature, however, sometimes seeks to make amends, so it gave our cousin George a healthy body, great physical strength and endurance, a prodigal generosity, a becoming modesty and a fearless heart."

"So perhaps the Gods were not altogether unfair when at his inception there was a distribution of gifts."

HAYES BOWERS VICKERS

It will be just threescore years, come November tenth, in the year of our Lord 1939, since this event, and it took place in the old house on the farm.

Our bedroom over the living room had one small window and three large beds. My older brother and I slept in the bed in the northwest corner and Mary Hurley, the hired girl, sometimes occupied the bed in the southeast corner, for our room with the stove pipe was warmer than her room across the hall. Very early that morning the commotion below awakened us. We, in our innocence, did not understand the significance of the goings on below, but Mary was older and wiser. "Mary, what is it?" "I think there are some little babies downstairs," she whispered.

When "the envious streaks" appeared in the east, we plucked up our courage to go below. Mary had divined aright! There were babies indeed! Two male babies - the first born a round compact little fellow, the second weighing a pound or so less. Father had hitched old Charley to the buckboard and gone over the hill for Mary Ann Webb. This good neighbor had done what was necessary. Later that morning, tall, thin, ghostly old Dr. Sterricker drove up. He probably got a silver dollar for this single call.

The old man Morton from down the road made an early morning call. I remember his looking gravely down at the two small forms in the old cradle which had rocked four earlier babies. He took out his pipe and remarked sagely, "It's a good scheme; it saves time." Nine boys had been born in his house and a tenth was soon to come.

Rutherford B. Hayes, nineteenth president of the United States was then in the White House. His running mate was William Almon Wheeler. Ardent Republicans, my brother and I insisted on naming "the twins" Hayes and Wheeler. To this the family finally consented. A little later these very small boys were christened Hayes Bowers and Wheeler Conrad. Bowers was the maternal family name and Conrad was the name of good and wise old Uncle "Coon".

The babies thrived. Lying side by side in the cradle, Hayes was short and stocky, Wheeler taller and thinner. Finally, they both got away to the Cooperstown High School, attending only in the winter, helping on the farm in summer and well into the fall. There were times when they walked the entire nine miles to Cooperstown through the deep snow and biting cold. Both graduated and were destined to teach in the "little red school house" where their three older brothers had each taught a term or two.

Here we shall leave the slightly younger brother, who has retained both his health and his hair, and become a handsome man since this biographical sketch is to deal with Hayes, the first born of the twins.

Hayes' boyhood passed uneventfully, I should say. My elder brother Fred and I, in our youth, were crazy about guns and hunting. I cannot remember that Hayes cared to kill the wild things (this trait of character he shared with Harry three years his elder). He was gentle with the animals and birds about the farm. When I was in college he once wrote me quite a humorous letter about feeding the chickens. It dealt largely with the ancient rooster, whose crow he could imitate to perfection. This note was a homely commentary on this boy's sympathetic understanding in caring for his domestic friends.

He was a good worker as a boy, but scarcely a leader. He was destined to win trophies at golf, to play an expert game of checkers, to quote the magic lines of William Shakespeare. He was to develop a passion for work and for play. From his father, he inherited a fine sense of humor.

As a boy, he possessed a high moral standard and as he grew up he became religious - over-religious some of us thought, for moral and religious scruples, if carried too far, warp and unbalance the mind. There was, I think, a pronounced religious strain on our Mother's side. The entire family was Methodist, save for Uncle Peter who became a Presbyterian. Uncle George, a wagon maker, preached Sundays in his younger days. In my generation Cousin Edward (now retired) was a clergyman for forty years. Hayes, therefore, "came honestly" by his religious predilections.

APPENDIX B

As a young boy he had shown marked mechanical ability. We felt sure he would succeed as a mechanical engineer and we therefore were much troubled when it was known he intended becoming a clergyman, for we could not see that he showed any ability in that direction. From his decision he was not to be dissuaded. It, no doubt, was for him a matter of deep conviction.

He was perhaps half way through the Boston Theological Seminary before he shifted from theology to engineering. Here he encountered more obstacles. His entrance for the engineering school was not clear. At that time we were living in Brooklyn. He came to live with us while studying in Erasmus Hall. Finally, he was enrolled as a student at M.I.T. with four years of hard work ahead of him, and here I think his fortitude and persistence stand out. He put the past behind and resolutely tackled this new work. In the mechanical field he was at home, easily outstripping many of his fellow students. On one occasion he brought home some of his forgings, which were masterpieces of precision and handwork. During his vacations he worked very hard. One summer he helped a farmer at Roseboom. The man said he had never had a man who could do so much work. Another summer he lived with our family here at Grand View. He excavated from rock a cellar and a large cistern, then used the stone to construct the cellar walls and cistern.

I have hinted that as a boy he was perhaps a little slow and easy-going. The Scripture says, "When I became a man I put away childish things." He was up and at it all day. I begged him in vain not to work so hard. He seemed a changed person now that he had become a man.

After graduation he went to Panama and worked under General Goethals as an engineer for two and a half years on the great canal. He told me of swimming in the canal and hunting alligators. However, the tropical climate sapped his ambition. He read many books soon after his arrival there, but was unable to read during the last months of his tropical experience.

Soon after his return he secured a position with the U.S. Steel Company at Gary, Indiana. Here he established his home. He had married Miss Leona Taylor of Boston on a vacation trip from Panama. Here young Robert Squire was born - February 19, 1923. Hayes lived in Gary until his death - a period of nearly twenty years.

In the great steel mill it was said that he was a highly valued engineer, that he handled his work thoroughly and expeditiously, that he had charge of the design and construction of important work in the plant, and that he was about to receive a material advancement when he was so suddenly taken from his work and those who loved him.

It has come to me that a fine spirit of comradeship existed between him and his fellow workers, and that he was prized and respected by his superiors.

I think of him as a little fellow running around barefoot or sitting in school with the other boys. No one divined at that time that he would become the first and only engineer the entire neighborhood was to produce; that he would one day graduate from a famous school of engineering; that he would become one of the leading engineers in the world's greatest mill for the manufacture of steel.

For a young boy on the farm, remote from great cities' surging tides, in the face of heartbreaking discouragements, to decide on a career and stick to his resolve until a great university placed a sheepskin in his hand; to become skilled in his profession; to gain the good will of the men he directed; the confidence of his superiors; the good fellowship of his friends and the love and devotion of his family are achievements which come to few men.

Those of us who know his struggles and achievements, and are closest to his heart and life will love, honour and revere his memory so long as life shall last.

APPENDIX C

AVERY BULLIS

Oh Avery, you were ever short in mathematics;
The multiplication table was to you a stumbling block...
Mysterious hieroglyphs; yet these symbolic characters
Formed the foundation of your fame,
Strong as the rock of Gibraltar!

Some years before your dust returned to dust,
You leaned, as was your wont, against the bar
Where hot, rebellious drinks were freely sold,
And held dispute with other idle men.
"Eight hundred" and "one thousand", you maintained
Were quite the same!
The scoffs and jeers that filled the bar did not avail,
For with the man most scornful of them all
You bet the drinks,
Believing you were right and they were fools.

Somewhat apart stood old Judge Flint,
A learned, humorous, kindly man.
"Now, by the life, we'll leave it to the Judge!" you said.
Then, 'round him crowded those derisive men,
To hear him say you were a stupid ass.

Deliberately the Judge began his task;
"Ahem!... Now Avery, do I understand
You hold eight hundred and one thousand are the same?"
Your thick, inflexible, stubborn head affirmed the Judge.
"This is a case in which erudite mind
Is less concerned than common sense. Now, Avery here,
It may be said, has not been over-schooled,
Yet he possesses that which learned men so often lack,
The innate sense, calm judgment, and the understanding heart,
Qualities which weigh against the mathematic mind...
Since I'm the Judge, in law and justice schooled,
I hold that Avery wins the bet!"

Then to the middle of the floor you sprang,
And clapped your calloused hands, and clicked
Your well-worn heels in glee.
"Gentlemen", you said, "I thought
I wasn't quite a damn fool yet!"



ELIZABETH J. VICKERS
1796-1860 [PORTRAIT-BY-S-V]



JOSEPH VICKERS 1785-1870
[PORTRAIT-BY-S-V]



JOHN VICKERS-1820-1890
[PORTRAIT-BY S.J.V.]



EDWIN VICKERS 1831-1911
[PORTRAIT BY S.J.V.]



THOMAS VICKERS
1828-1892



DAN A. VICKERS
1838-1921



ELIZABETH ANN V. LUDLAM
1835-1897



ELIZABETH-JANE V. STAFFORD
1848-1818



CHARLOTTE-JEANETTE V. BROWN
1860-1918



JAY W. VICKERS
1853-1911



RAY VICKERS
1877-



LAURA V BARNES
1859-1944



MARY E. VICKERS
1865-1885



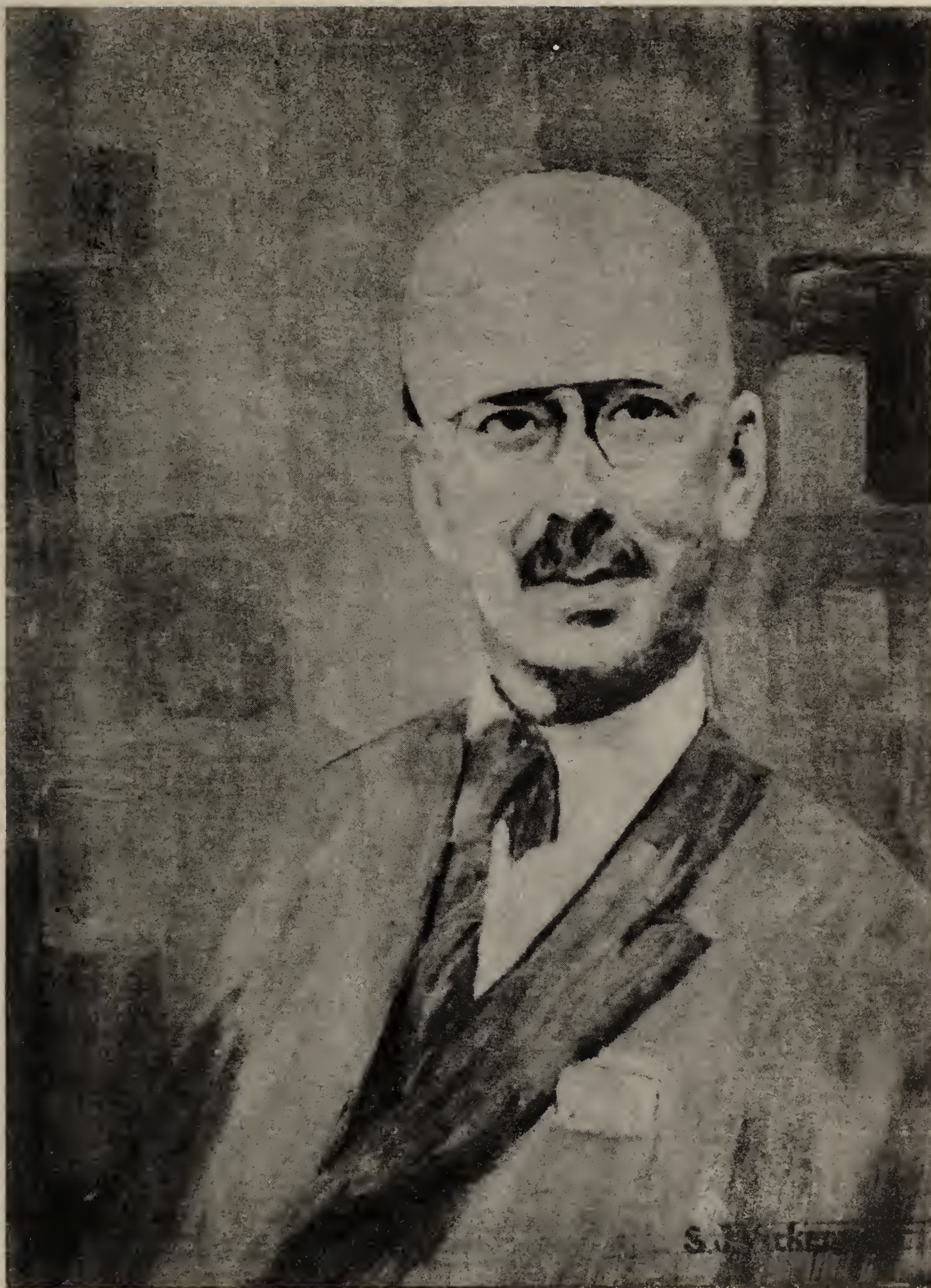
GEORGE VICKERS
1859-1933



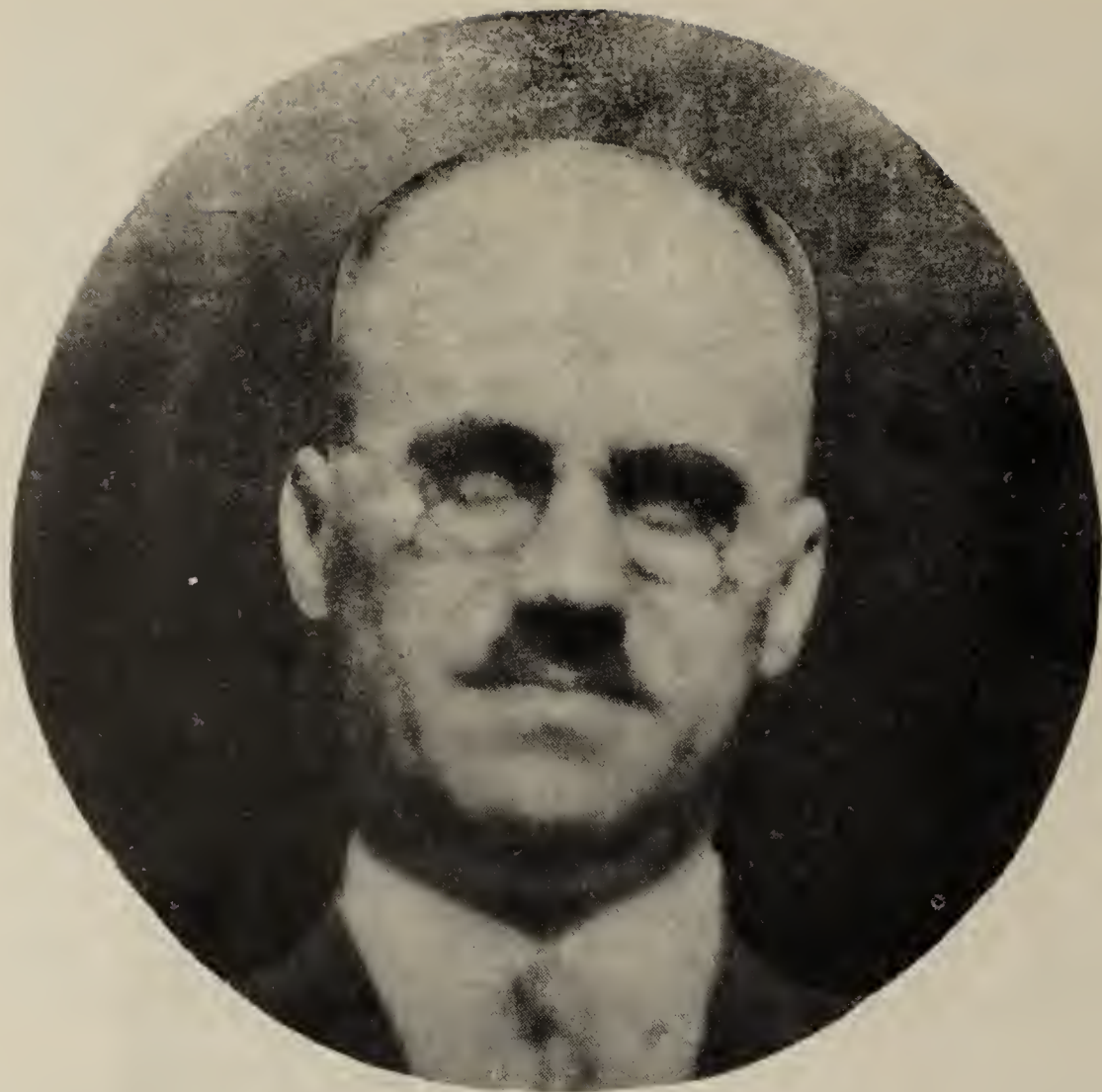
SQUIRE J. VICKERS
1872-



DR. FRED D. VICKERS
1868-1939



DR HARRY W. VICKERS
1877-1938-[PORTRAIT BY S.J.V.]



HAYES B. VICKERS
1879-1939



WHEELER C. VICKERS
1879-



INTERIOR OF CHURCH
MARSTON-MONTGOMERY



CHURCHYARD · AND · STONES · OF
GREAT · GRAND · PARENTS · ENGLAND

SACRED

to the Memory of

ANN

*Relict of Joseph Vickers
who departed this life
Feb'y 13th 1846 aged 95*

Years

Industry crown'd her days and peace her mind,
Hermanners gentle, affable and kind,
A quiet neighbour, in her dealings just
True to her friend and faithful to her trust.

MOLLIN, ROCHESTER

SACRED

to the Memory of

JOSEPH VICKERS

who died 11th of Jan. 1830
in the 84 Year of his age

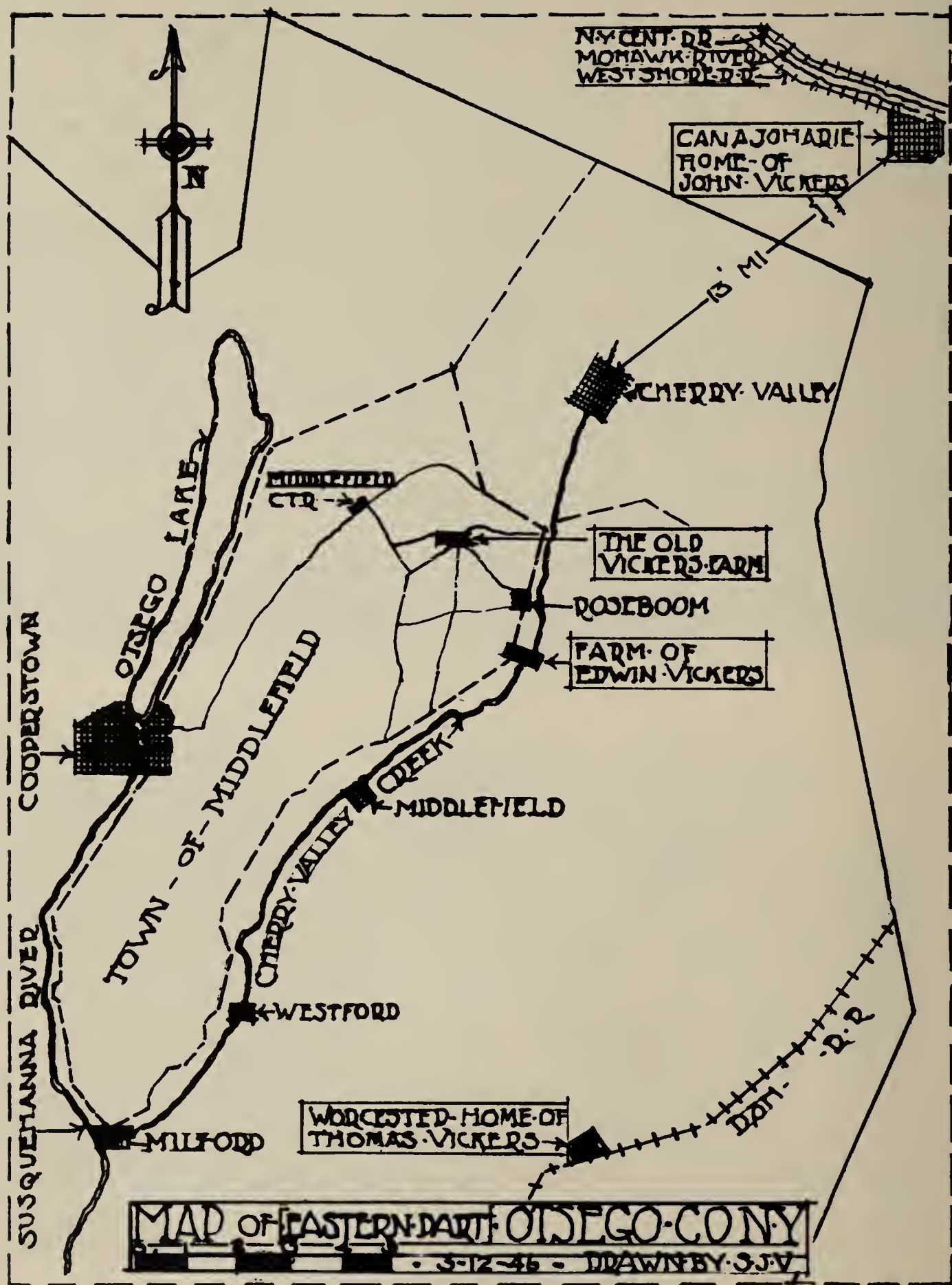
Oh man be mindful of thy later end,
So live that dying Christ may be thy friend,
Grow forth in Gospel, Grace as well as years,
Then welcome Death whenever it appear.

INSCRIPTIONS ON STONES

GREAT GRANDMOTHER

GREAT GRANDFATHER

MARSTON - MONTGOMERY



ADDENDUM

This slight family chronicle was written in the rough early in 1944. The following summer additional data was received which caused me to rewrite a part of it. During the following winter (1944-1945) the manuscript was edited and in the spring of 1945 typed in final form ready for reproduction by the publisher.

The photographs, however, were not ready. It was decided for various reasons, to include only the three older generations. When these were finally collected it was found that some would not reproduce, some were large, others small; negatives had to be made of all of them and new photographs made to fit the spaces in the book. Ruth Vickers undertook to do this expert photography and it had to be subordinated to her many other duties.

In the meantime the family has been enlarged by a girl.

Dr. Dan Vickers was promoted to Lieutenant Commander and brought from the Pacific arena to Seattle, Washington and appointed Chief Surgeon to a hospital with four thousand patients. In that city, January 22, 1946 a daughter, Sally Loving was born to Dr. Dan and Frances.

Frederika's husband, Dr. Joseph W. Conrad was discharged from the army February 25, 1946 with rank of Captain. He is now practising in his old office at Little Falls.

Occasionally one sees or hears the name Vickers outside of the family. Persons have inquired, for instance, if our family is related to the famous Vickers, Limited, in England, makers of arms and munitions. Recently there was an account in Life of two women in Cincinnati, daughters of a Dr. Thomas Vickers.

After my visit to Marston-Montgomery, I communicated with the Rector of the little church (herein illustrated) who lived at Derby. He sent me a very courteous letter stating that he failed to find anything in the church records related to our family.

Later I went to the New York Public Library and looked through the genealogical data. I found nothing save that similar names, such as Vickery or Vickey are variations which sprang from our name.

Some years ago my wife Edith, wintering in Bermuda, found in the colonial records a succession of Vickers from 1635, when Severain Vickers came to Bermuda, down to the present time.

This from the will of William Davis, 1714 : "... to my son-in-law John Vickers for repairing the Mansion House, a young negro valued at L-10 ".

Edith remarks, "Your ancestor, you will note, received a fifty dollar darky for doing a bit of carpentering on his father-in-law's house. Apparently the Vickers boys have always been handy with hammer and nails."

This John was owner of the sloop "Pretty Betsy" (44 tons) and was empowered by the Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda to sail to Guadeloupe to exchange French for English prisoners.

William Vickers was married to Ruth Pruden April 10, 1766. This is Edith's note, "Our Ruth Vickers was born exactly 137 years later, to a day."

She concludes her research as follows:

"The Vickers name in Bermuda today is borne only by colored people, probably descendants of the slaves owned by the white Vickers family in early years. This is true of many of the most distinguished names in Bermuda.

The name John Vickers constantly reappears in the records. The "John Vickers" of today is a truck gardener. But the John Vickers of 1714 was evidently associated with the House of Assembly."

I do not see that we shall be able to establish relationship with these other families bearing our name.

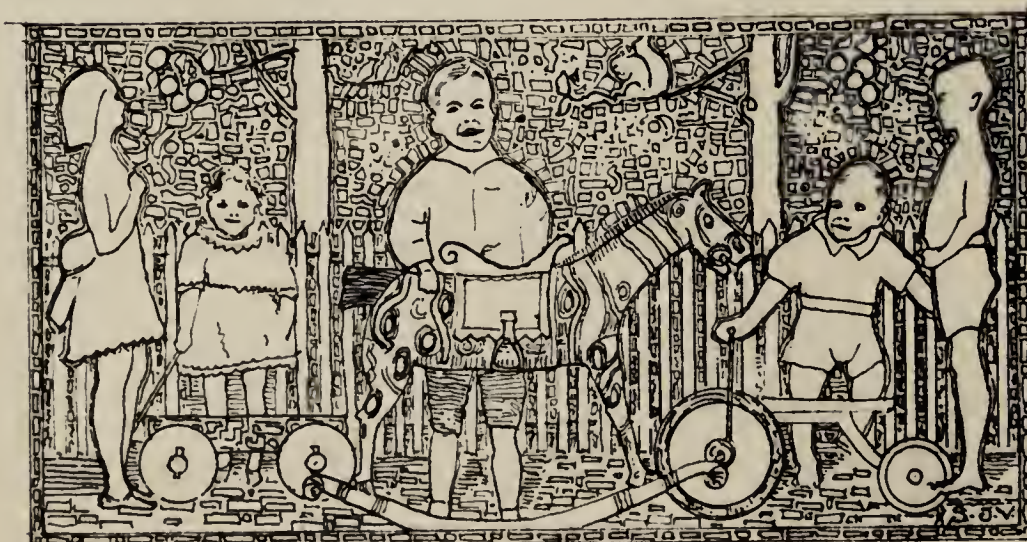
ADDENDUM

Perhaps it is as well, since we shall be spared the humiliation of being called "poor relations" by the great ones such as Vickers Limited; we shall also be spared the embarrassment of skillfully eliminating any remote importunate relatives who may turn up at our respective portals.

Oliver Goldsmith's method was to loan such an intrusive relation a second-hand coat or an aged spavined horse. "He never comes back," observes Oliver, "to return the loan."

Certain men and women of the younger generation possess high degrees of mentality and professional skill. They cannot fail to add luster to the family tree.

And these- these babes and children in their teens:
Through them may run a golden thread of science,
 scholarship or art.
We cannot tell; we may not know it
Which girl shall have a golden voice
Which boy shall be a poet.



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